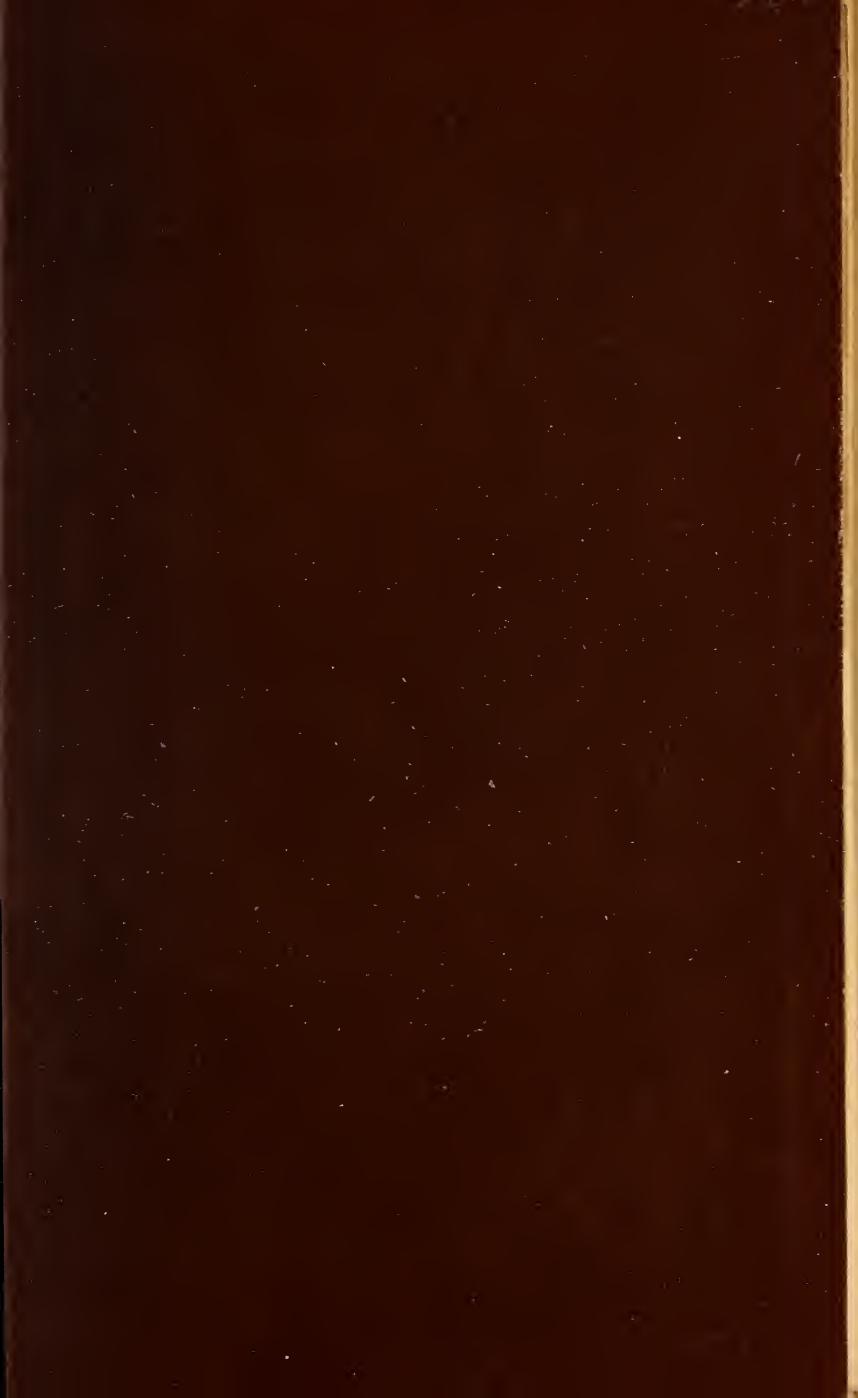


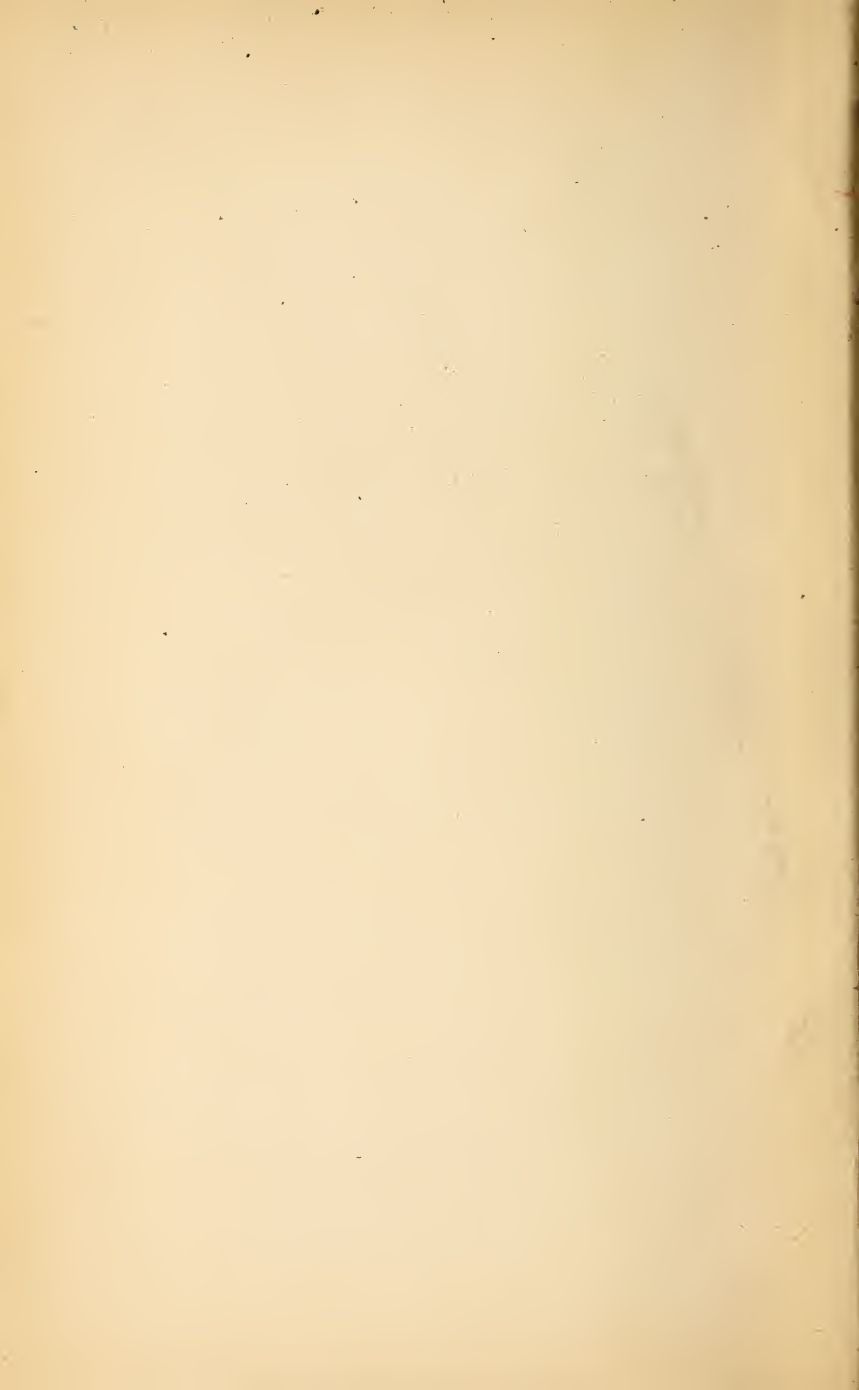
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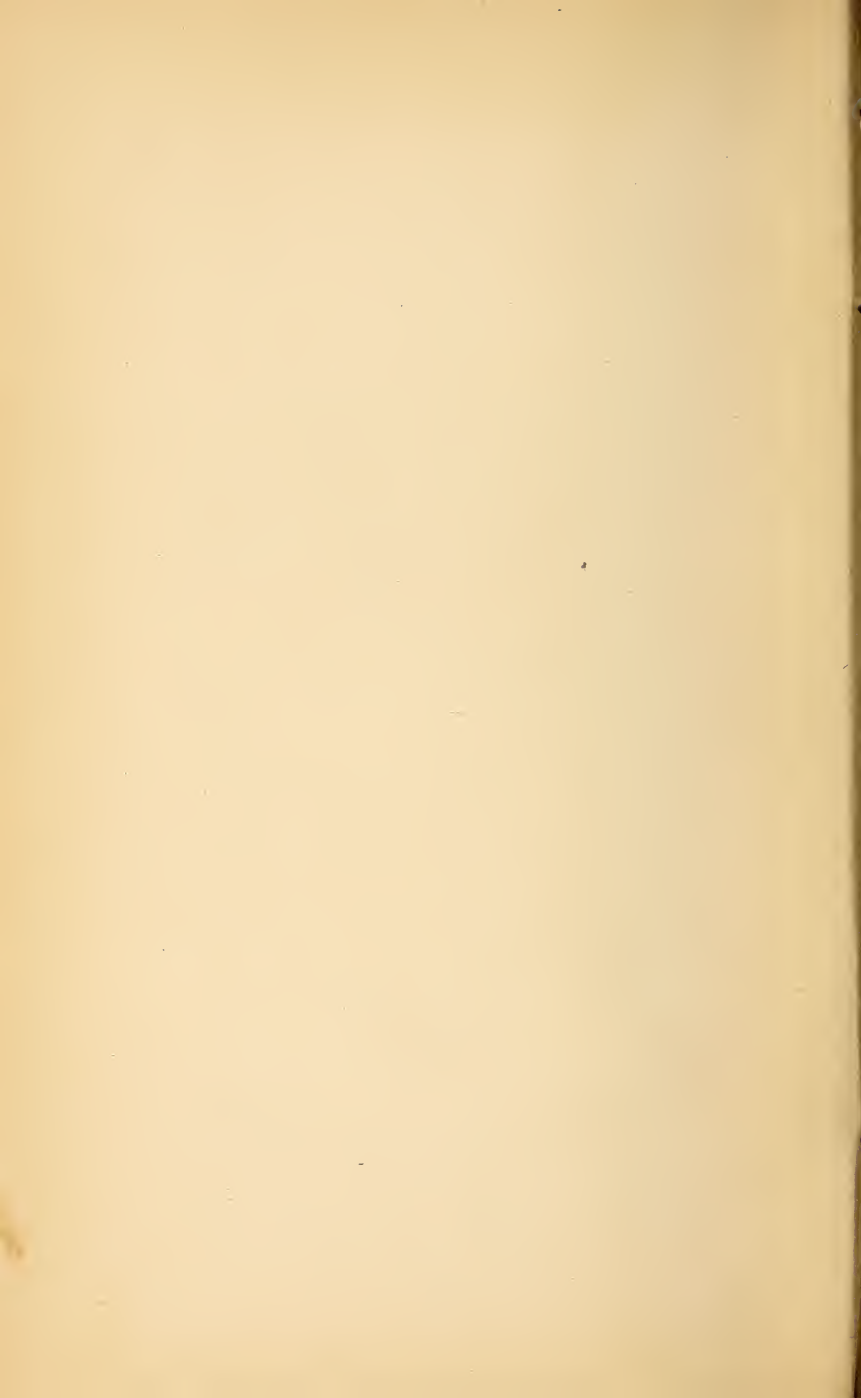
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JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D.D.

A MEMORIAL.

BY

Joseph
J. SPENCER KENNARD.

HIS SON AND SUCCESSOR IN THE PASTORAL OFFICE.

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PREFACE.

THE world is not so full of goodness that we can willingly suffer the memory of that which has been with us and vanished to be utterly lost.

These pages are an humble attempt to portray a life hid with Christ in God, and therefore lustrous with the beauty of self-sacrifice. Not imagining such a book would be written, Dr. Kennard has left but few materials for it in tangible form.

For the first chapter the author is indebted to the Rev. A. S. Patton, D. D., a son-in-law of Dr. Kennard, who has also kindly selected the sermons and miscellanies. He would also be guilty of ingratitude if he did not acknowledge the valuable assistance, especially in the last two chapters, rendered by a dear sister, who has always been his prompter and abettor in every good thought and deed.

It will be observed, that only the first two chapters are in the form of a historical memoir; the rest is an attempt to portray our subject in the various relations of life as he appeared to our eyes.


If it shall seem to some of our readers that, writing in the warmth of filial feeling, we offer them a eulogy rather than a memoir, we can only refer them for our apology to those other readers, who will wonder why we have said so little, and that so imperfectly.

An English clergyman, of scholarship and discrimination, who sat for a while under his ministry, in an elaborate analysis of his character says: "We have heard of painters and statuaries selecting from the beauties of many forms, relying upon a refined and divine imagination to form one complete whole; but no accounts I ever read, no painting I ever saw, can give the faintest conception of what my mind realizes, as, at this moment, I recall that countenance and form. Apart from the effect of my first interview with him, there was, to my mind, something in the man so strikingly spiritual, that nothing in poetry ever conveyed to me the conception of man so free from the mere material and earthly. There was an expression of repose and benignity, a freedom from every thing that could call up a doubt or misgiving, the presence of every thing that could inspire the mind with confidence, and the heart with purest spontaneous love, such as left no consciousness of incompleteness. * * * I know many of his addresses and discourses were impromptu, and all extempore; yet, generally, there was a maturity and vigor of thought expressed in language suited to his themes, that were evidences to me of a strong, clear mind and memory, of more than ordinary capacity; both improved by a habit of self-culture, and of constant, calm thought.

JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D.D.

CHAPTER I.

THE DAWN.

OSEPH HUGG KENNARD was born April 24, 1798. His parents were SAMUEL and ELIZABETH HUGG KENNARD. At the time of his birth they resided near the village of Haddonfield, in the State of New Jersey. They were members of the Society of Friends, and were in circumstances of worldly comfort, owning a good farm and three grist mills, located on Timber Creek. Both father and mother were well informed, of affectionate disposition, and endowed with fine sensibilities and great energy. The uncle, JOSEPH HUGG, whose name was given to the subject of this memoir, was a man well known in Gloucester County as *Squire Hugg*, and was much respected for his dignity, urbanity, and worth.

Doubtless such antecedents had their influence on the character of our subject; and it is evident from

the impressions he carried through life, that the surroundings of his early childhood were decidedly formative. We remember once driving with him by the old homestead, when he took great pleasure in telling us how his earliest days were spent. His childish plays were all recalled, and as he threw himself back into those innocent and happy years, he seemed to enjoy them over again. There stood the house; there the old mill; and he told us how, fancying himself a farmer, he would trudge with his shot bag full of grain to the mill, and, after persuading the men to grind it, would throw it over his back and carry it to the house with all the air of one proud to provide for a family. Riding a little farther on, his eye caught sight of the mill pond; and there, playing around its banks, he remembered the delight he felt in throwing pebbles, and watching the circling waves as they spread, and wondering at their extent. Still farther on, he recognized the spot, where, with his rude box-trap, he caught his first squirrel and rabbit. And he seemed to experience anew the excitement of those happy surprises.

But these bright days did not long continue. At the age of five years, he was called to mourn the loss of his mother; and, owing to the changes which followed in the home, three of the following years were remembered through life as a period of shadows.

When about nine years old, he left his home to live with one Squire Bynes, near Salem, N. J. Here he was obliged to work hard; though in other respects, he was kindly treated, and in the winter months enjoyed some advantages of schooling.

In his fifteenth year he removed to the city of Wilmington, Delaware, where he was employed as a salesman in the dry-goods store of Samuel Harker. But shortly afterwards he took a situation in the book-store of a Mr. Porter, where he remained several years. From the first he made choice of the Rev. Daniel Dodge as his pastor, and under his faithful preaching was soon awakened to feel his lost condition, and to inquire after eternal life. In this state of mind he went to the house of the pastor, and though the parlor was filled with guests, such was his anxiety that he saw no one but the good minister, and, going directly up to him, he exclaimed,—“Is there any hope for a lost sinner?” The affectionate man folded his arms about him and held him to his bosom while he assured him of God’s abounding grace toward the helpless and the guilty. Shortly after this, he found peace in believing, and on the Third of July, 1814, was baptized in the Brandywine upon a profession of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Immediately on his coming out of the water, he com-

menced exhorting the people that lined the shore, saying, first of all, "Wonder not at me: wonder at yourselves," and counselling them, in a most tender and earnest manner, to seek at once an interest in the Saviour. Then and there, as he was often heard to say, the Lord called him to the work of the ministry, and he was not "disobedient to the heavenly vision," for he began to labor, as opportunity offered,* to win souls to Christ, and the most cheering results everywhere crowned his efforts. When at home, he was active in bringing numbers of young people under the influence of the gospel, and those with whom he had been accustomed to associate were made the special subjects of his pious care and earnest prayers. As he had been a ringleader in their sports, he now became equally prominent in guiding their feet into the paths of peace.

But, in addition to these private labors, under the guidance, and sometimes in company with his pastor, he went out of the city, and spoke in private houses,

* The old church record says, "*Feb.* 28, 1818. A letter from Jos. Kennard, was read and deferred, (referring to his call to preach.)

"*April* 4th. The letter from Jos. Kennard, in which he stated his call to the work of the ministry, was read. He was requested to relate his exercises, which he did, and each Friday evening appointed for him to exercise his gifts.

"*Sept.* 5th. The case of Brother Jos. Kennard taken up, and agreed, that he be licensed to preach the gospel wherever God, in his providence, may send him.

and school-rooms, and wherever the people could be gathered to hear.

One of these early missionary visits to Salem he always remembered with peculiar pleasure. His conversion becoming known among his old companions, his presence among them as a religious exhorter attracted unusual attention, and wherever he was announced to speak great crowds came to hear him.

Shortly after this, he attended, in different parts of New Jersey and Delaware, a number of what were known as "*Woods Meetings*." These were usually held for several days in succession; the most popular preachers being secured, and every proper appliance employed to insure the largest possible attendance of the people.

On one of these occasions, after five able sermons had been heard during the day, he was called on to speak. With sincere modesty he desired to be excused, feeling his insufficiency, but, being urged, he at last consented to speak a few closing words. That occasion marked an important period in his history. The address was one of unusual power. All hearts seemed to be moved by it; and, when the exercises of the day terminated, it was evident that they had experienced a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

A wonderful interest was now felt in the "boy preacher," as he was generally called; and wherever he went, the most earnest desire was manifested to hear him,—many coming not less than fifteen miles to enjoy the privilege.

For about two years, or until he was about eighteen years of age, he retained his situation as salesman in the book-store, enjoying the advantages afforded by his position in reading, and having the privilege of occasional absence for his missionary tours into the country. Nearly all the money received as wages during this time was spent in hiring horses and paying for other means of conveyance necessary to take him to neighboring towns, or into distant parts of the State.

He now became fully convinced of his duty to devote his life to the work of the ministry; and, the church being satisfied that he was called of the Lord to his service, in the month of September, 1818, gave him a license to preach the gospel wherever Providence might open the door. He now felt the importance of a fuller education for his responsible work, and his plans were laid for prosecuting a somewhat extended course of mental training. About this time, however, while taking a summer missionary journey on horseback, he was prostrated by a sun-stroke,

which for several years disqualified him for pursuing closely any course of study. Two hours of application would cause the most acute suffering, and, for more than four years, he was not able to go through the preparation of a single sermon without experiencing great inconvenience and distress. Still, he made the best use of his opportunities, and, up to the full measure of his strength, fitted himself to preach the gospel.

About this time, at the solicitation of many friends of Foreign Missions, and under the direction of *Luther Rice*, he accepted an appointment to present the claims of the heathen to the churches; and especially to raise funds for the vigorous prosecution of the work in Burmah. He entered upon this agency early in the year 1819, and, from an old journal, found since his death, we learn something of his journeyings, and are made acquainted with the subjects on which he preached, and the amount of money collected after each service.

His fields embraced the State of Delaware and the lower counties of New Jersey. The distances travelled to fill appointments, and the number of meetings held, under this engagement, seem almost incredible. They are minutely reported, however, and not a few deeply interesting incidents are recorded, which give pleasing

and instructive glimpses of the men and manners of those days.

Having devoted about three months to Delaware, he returned to Wilmington, and, after a short rest, set out on the 30th of July, 1819, for a tour in the other part of his field. Here he spent about two months in visiting the churches located between Burlington and Bridgeton.

From the notes of this journey, it will not be amiss to transcribe a few short entries :

“July 30, 1819—Friday Morning. This day bade adieu to my brethren, with whom I have taken sweet counsel, that I might go and preach Christ and him crucified to the people. I rode beneath a scorching sun, which, with the thoughts running behind me, and the difficulties rising before me, almost laid me by.

“July 31—Saturday. Rode from Philadelphia to Burlington. The heat excessive—thermometer 96° in the shade. Have felt more comfortable in my mind, but the power of the sun and the sandy road almost prostrated my poor body. Through mercy, however, I am preserved.

“August 1—Lord’s Day. Body refreshed and heart comfortable; the pulpit very warm, but enjoyed precious liberty in speaking.

“August 2—Monday Evening. Preached at Coo-

perstown. An awful gust during service; felt to preach as if it was the Judgment.

“*August 3—Tuesday.* Rode to Haddonfield—felt to rejoice on the way that I had set out to teach repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. This place gave me my first birth, and now I come to tell the people they must be born again.

“*August 4—Wednesday.* Rode down to Woodstown; rejoiced to see old friends, and to preach Christ to them.

“*August 5.* Spent Thursday evening at Sharps-town—felt to preach as a dying man—a solemn time, and I have a strong impression that some were pricked in the heart. ‘O Lord, own thy word!’ saith my soul.

“*August 6.* Proceeded to Bridgeton, eighteen miles below, and from thence to Rev. H. Smalley’s, four miles farther on. No appointment for the evening.

“*August 7—Saturday.* In company with Brother Smalley, went to Shiloh meeting-house, and preached for the Seventh Day Baptists. Returning with Bro. S., went with him and preached in the Court House at Bridgeton, in the evening. Thus ends the week.

“*August 8—Lord’s Day.* Preached at Roadstown for Bro. Smalley, and in the afternoon at Bridgeton.

“*August 9—Monday.* Rode from Bro. Smalley’s to Bro. Newcomb’s, a distance of twelve miles, and preached in his meeting-house at eleven o’clock. It was originally his dwelling, but he has given himself and it to the Lord, filling it with seats and putting up a pulpit.

“*August 14—Saturday.* Rode to Salem, and on the next day preached in the morning at eleven o’clock, and again in the evening.

“*August 18—Wednesday.* Rode over twenty miles to the ferry, and crossing to Newcastle, rode five miles more to Wilmington.”

Though every where warmly received, it must be admitted that his labors, though exceedingly arduous, were attended with but limited pecuniary results. The truth is, very little interest had as yet been awakened in what is now felt to be the great work of the church; and the public collections taken, and the private contributions made, show plainly that “the art of giving” was not generally understood, and that the churches had no proper view of their duty to the great work of missions.

Yet these visits among the churches were the means of doing a vast amount of good, and for years the happiest spiritual influences followed them. They tended also to quicken his zeal, by discovering the

pressing need of labor in the wide and whitening fields that were every where opening, and thus he was roused to feel a more intense desire to devote himself wholly to the preaching of the gospel. What he had seen did not discourage him, but rather increased his ardor, and made him almost impatient to enter upon the responsible work to which he had consecrated his life. With no selfish or ambitious aims had he taken upon him the ministry of the word, but he had cheerfully given himself to the service under a solemn conviction of duty to God, and to dying men. The service, he knew, involved great self-denial, and gave no promise of earthly rewards; but, believing himself called of God to preach, he felt that he could do nothing else, and, because he would honor Christ to the full extent of his ability and opportunities, he cheerfully devoted himself to the gospel ministry.

Towards the close of 1819, the church in Burlington, New Jersey, being without a pastor, desired Mr. Kennard to supply their pulpit, with a view to a settlement among them; and, after some reflection, he consented to an arrangement contemplating this result.

Closing his "itinerant" life, he left Wilmington on a little pony, and with whatever he needed for immediate use packed away in his saddle-bags. A little

trunk, containing all the remainder of his effects, was left to be forwarded by public conveyance. This trunk was an object of great interest to him to the day of his death. It had such a history, that he looked upon it both with smiles and tears. And no article in the house was regarded by him as so choice and sacred.

One pleasing incident connected with this journey he always related with unusual merriment. He bore with him a note of introduction to Robert P. Anderson,* of Philadelphia. Arriving at nightfall, he was sure of his own lodging, but was in doubt as to what might be the fate of his poor pony. And this anxiety was the greater from the fact that he could not spare the money necessary to provide usual stable accommodation. Calling upon Deacon Anderson, however, he received a very cordial welcome, when he betrayed his concern for his pony, and asked to be excused until he should put him up.

“Oh, well, now,” said the Deacon, “never mind that: he’s such a little fellow, we’ll just walk him up the alley and put him in the wood-shed.”

This offer was gladly accepted, and no “entertainment for man and beast” was ever more highly appreciated or more kindly remembered.

* The father of T. D. Anderson, D.D., of New York.

The next day found him pursuing his way with a light heart to Burlington—but, seeing a toll-gate in the road, he was thrown into a great dilemma, from the fact that he was without funds; and, being an entire stranger, he had no confidence to ask credit. But he must go through, and having a “jack-knife,” he cheerfully gave it up for toll, and went on with quickened pace to his “charge.” Whenever he spoke of this amusing incident in the family, he was accustomed to say, in a pleasant way, that it was only a *temporary* embarrassment, assuring us that he was independently rich the next week, having received his first installment for preaching.

Upon reaching Burlington, he found a comfortable “prophets’ room” prepared for him at the house of Mrs. Mary Cox. Here he met with her who afterwards became his wife, and in whom he ever found a devoted helpmate in his anxious and arduous labors. Here, also, he first met with the Rev. Thos. Winter, D.D., and for some time they occupied the same room. In this way, a friendship, or rather a brotherly affection, was formed, which continued to the close of life; and it was regarded by both as a kind Providence, which subsequently, and for nearly twenty-five years, cast their lots within six miles of each other; so that they were permitted to enjoy much of each

other's society, and exchange sympathy in each other's trials. Very rarely did they meet in later years without calling up some of the reminiscences of their early days; and those memories never failed to impart a peculiar freshness and buoyancy to all their intercourse.

His labors in Burlington commenced on Lord's Day, November 14th, 1819. That some idea may be had of his state of mind at this interesting period of his life, it will not be amiss to transcribe a few passages from his diary. The first entry was made on January 1st, 1820. The whole journal is entitled—

“SOME ACCOUNT OF A PILGRIM'S WAY THROUGH A LAND OF SICKNESS AND DEATH, TO WHERE THE INHABITANTS SHALL NOT SAY ‘I AM SICK.’

“*Saturday, January 1, 1820.* After supplicating the throne, and reading the word of God, in which some meltings of heart were felt, entered into a careful examination of my own soul; and in calling to remembrance the days of the past year and the path of my feet, have found abundant cause to cry out, ‘God be merciful to me, a sinner!’ The more carefully I looked, the more stumbling-blocks I found, and my heart cried within me, ‘Redeem the time!’

“But while I thus mourned over *my own way*, I

felt to rejoice in God because of *his* way; and the more I thought of his mercies, my heart was prepared to say, 'How great is his goodness!' Through the year, was not confined one day by sickness. Not so with my friends. Some with whom I took sweet counsel, this day a year ago, are now pilgrims and strangers no longer; they ran well, and have now ended the race. They are now fresh in my mind, those with whom I prayed when the hour of their departure was at hand. Yes! I see the wistful eye, and hear the desire to depart. *I loved them*, and with them, mingled tears and prayers. I loved them, and shall earnestly remember them, till I see them again, which I fully expect.

"But how shall the question be answered, 'Why are they taken and I left?' 'Tis not that they were cumberers of the ground; for they were 'trees of righteousness,'—not that they were less fruitful; for they were shocks of corn fully ripe. And now I consider that I am gazing on 'Israelites *indeed*,' as they pass over Jordan, and desire to stand ready for the voice that will soon come from the Lord, saying, 'Now, therefore, arise, go *over this Jordan*.'

"*January 2.* First Lord's Day of the new year. Felt much engaged in prayer to God for his presence in his earthly courts; preached three times, with deep

concern for the salvation of the people; retired to the chamber of rest with a heavenly calm of soul, from a sense of duty discharged.

“January 3. Was enabled to come boldly to a throne of grace for help; read in Matthew of the transfiguration of Christ. How great the contrast between this and his appearance on the Cross! But oh, if on the Mount he was so awfully glorious, what must he be in heaven, surrounded with his holy angels? This is known by those who saw him on the Mount, and I hope to behold, when the house in which I now dwell shall be prostrate in the dust.

“January 4. Read to-day of the man whose sheep had strayed away. Found by the Apostle Peter that I was that sheep, and had strayed from the great Shepherd—but he, in the greatness of his grace, has returned me to his fold.

“January 7. Felt to pray to my heavenly Father, and in some degree enjoyed the smiles of his gracious countenance. Met with the friends of Jesus in the evening.

“January 11. After prayer, read the parable of the ten virgins. Was led to think what a solemn night it must be, when the cry is made, ‘Go ye out to meet him!’ It shall awake all that are in their graves and in the depths of the sea. Whether I be in

the grave-yard, or among those yet on the earth, I too must hear and appear before the Judge of quick and dead. But shall I be ready? 'Search me, O God, and try me!'

"January 12. In prayer, this morning, felt but little, but begged earnestly for a blessing, and, to my joy, found the Lord's ear open to my prayer—1st Peter 3: 12. Preached in the evening from the thirteenth verse of this chapter—"Who is he that shall harm you," etc.; enjoyed some liberty, and hope the Master was present.

"January 15. The weather cold. Winter hath stripped the trees of their foliage; snow covers the face of the earth; ice reaches from one bank of the river to the other, so that its waves no more rise, and dash, and die. North winds pour desolation through the land. Oh, how much like the heart deprived by sin of the Sun of Righteousness becomes—cold and barren, stripped at times of almost every evidence of a growth in grace and knowledge of Jesus crucified! And that poor, wintry heart is mine. Oh, when shall I inhabit that land where winter and clouds are no more?

"January 18. Experienced some comfort in singing before morning prayer, and in prayer enjoyed the spirit of adoption, whereby I could say:

May I 'round thee cling and twine,
Call myself a child of thine,
And presume to claim a part
In a tender Father's heart.

"*January 19.* Found prayer to be good, and, through the day, felt gladness to be sent into my heart from on high.

"*January 22.* Prayed earnestly for a blessing on my studies, as the Sunday was nigh—and, bless the Lord, O my soul, he sent the timely help from above.

"*April 24, 1820.* Church Meeting. Two persons related their Christian experience and were accepted. To me this was very interesting, because in the hands of God, I was the happy means of their conversion. This evening received a call from the church without, I am told, a dissenting voice.*

"*May 16, 1820.* Visited an old man, who has lain down to die. I felt quite overcome on account of some circumstances. First, he was a man nearly eighty years old. Then, he has spent all these years, with the exception of about sixty days, in a most awful course of sin. He had been so wicked as almost to be a proverb, but now changed as we trust by divine grace, and rejoicing in a covenant God. This was brought about chiefly through the preaching of

* An interesting coincidence, as it was the anniversary of his birthday.

the word by the most unworthy of all his servants, as a means in the hands of God.

"May 17. Visited him again. Found him very happy and very desirous to depart. Exhorted very feelingly his old companions to mark well the change and seek God without delay.

"May 21. Visited Mr. R——, and found him cold in death.

"Lord's Day. To an overflowing congregation, preached the funeral sermon from Zech. iii. 2: 'Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?'

"January 1, 1821. A glorious train of kind providences of God have conducted me through the past, and his goodness this day introduced me into a new period of time. Oh, sweet remembrance, conduct me back and rear to my vision the merits of my God. Alas! my way is compassed with hateful ingratitude. Of the time past I am full. Oh, that I could redeem it! How-little have I done for God. Lord, thou knowest the conflicts of my soul. I would do good, but oh, the strength of evil! Let me rear the cross, crucify the world, and from this time—let others do as they may desire—give myself to thee, soul, body, and spirit.

"January 30, 1821—Lord's Day. I did not feel in morning prayer to cling and twine, as I have done,

yet through the day experienced liberty in preaching, in the evening in particular from John vi. 44. O Lord, own and bless the labors of the most weak and unworthy of all thou hast put in the ministry. Draw souls by thy Spirit to Jesus in multitudes.

"February 5. Some comfort in prayer, close application to study, and a mind open to receive knowledge from the word of God. Spent the evening with pious friends in conversation, singing, and prayer.

"February 8. Stormy. A great sleet, so that large limbs of trees are continually falling, though but very little wind. Something very awful in the continual crashing of the trees in every direction, with the darkness and gloom. Such a day as this the oldest persons living cannot remember. But what is this, when I think of that great and notable day of the Lord, and the crashing of the great frame of nature?

"February 10. But very little heavenly-mindedness, yet some comfort in calling on God. This day a great snow fell; how white and overpowering to the sight; yet there is one thing that exceeds it—the soul washed in the blood of Christ. Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Had some manifestations of a Saviour's regard, particularly at the evening meeting, where the Lord was evidently present.

“February 16. The ice-bound river is now becoming loose; the chains that reached from shore to shore are broken in the middle. Oh, that the more cold and unrelenting fetters of my heart might break asunder! Shine, thou Sun of Righteousness; let thy rays dissolve them.

“February 17. Labored under a mind much oppressed. Feel the body to be a great burden, and yet hardly willing to have it laid aside. O, Lord, meeten me for thy heavenly kingdom, that I may be ready to live or die. Evening spent with pious friends.

“February 20. Lord’s Day. Some liberty in preaching in the morning, but much more in the afternoon and evening. A glorious season to my own soul. Texts, John v. 1 to 9. Psalm lxxxiv. 11. Gal. vi. 14.

“March 1. And now the winter is over and passed, the flowers will soon appear on the earth. Blessed Saviour, bring with this a joyful, blessed spiritual spring to my soul. How much reason have I to mourn over an unfruitful heart!

“May 9. The evening of this day, had a remarkable sense of the goodness of God, while supplicating his throne, especially from the consideration that with him there is forgiveness. My sins I considered so many that no man could number them. All against

God, and I cut off from the possibility of appeasing or satisfying for one of all the vast multitude by the works of my hands or the torments of my body. Wherewithal, then, shall I come before the Lord? Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the sacrifice? God will, yes, he has provided a Lamb. Christ, our passover, is slain; therefore will I keep it and be glad.

“*May 15.* On retiring to bed, I repeated with great joy, ‘The Lord is my shepherd.’

“*June 12.* A day spent chiefly in visiting the flock, and endeavoring to stir up their minds.

“*June 14.* A day of great insensibility and barrenness of mind till evening, when I found much liberty in speaking from the latter part of Esther iv. 16: ‘And so will I go in unto the King, . . . and if I perish I perish!’ This shows the folly of making my feelings a rule to go by.

“*June 29.* In the evening of this day, Brother Green preached from Psalm lxxxiv. 11. This contains enough matter to employ a man in preaching a lifetime. Friday morning meeting for prayer, Mr. Griffin gave a very remarkable exhortation; Brother Allison not able to attend. Mr. McLaughlin—have no word from, which makes it unpleasant to me. However, the day having come, the ordination went on

with great solemnity. Brother Griffin preached from the text, 'Arise, for this matter belongeth unto thee,' etc. Brother Green presented the Bible, with affectionate advice. Brother Griffin gave the charge. He also preached in the evening, and Brother Green on Saturday evening and Lord's Day. The services, from the beginning, were solemn and affecting. And now, O God, crown them with thy blessing! Prayer-meeting on Monday evening was full and solemn. This day six years ago, when about sixteen years old, I publicly put on Christ and began to publish the loving-kindness of the Lord to sinners; but oh, what an unprofitable servant I have been!

"*August, 1821.* Here let me record that for nearly two hours last Saturday morning my soul appeared to have as much of the presence of religion, or joy of salvation, as it could contain. It was begun by reading an account of the trials of the blessed Roger Williams, and carried on by reading in the Revelation, particularly the first chapter, see v. 9, 17, 18.

"*Second Lord's Day, August.* Communion at Mount Holly, where for the first time I had the honor to bury two in baptism, who professed to be dead to sin. It was a solemn and interesting season. Some of my friends were apprehensive I would not be

able, but through him who strengthens me, I can do all things.

“*Monday, December 3, 1821.* The past Lord’s Day a very comfortable time to myself and others. Baptized early in the morning; rode to Mount Holly; preached; came back to Burlington; preached; attended on the Supper; and preached again in the evening.”

Shortly after settling in Burlington, he received an urgent invitation to supply the church at Mount Holly one-half of each Lord’s Day. It was accepted, and, for three months, he served both churches. The double duty, however, proving too much for his strength, the arrangement was discontinued, and his whole time again devoted to Burlington; and there his earnest labors were abundantly blessed, not only in the edification of saints, but in the conversion of sinners.

On the 15th of November, 1821, a unanimous call was given him to the pastorate of the second *Hopewell Church*; upon the reception of which, he made the following excessively modest entry in his diary:

“Oh, what could have led them to call one so unworthy of the place! Lord, send me not up thither, except thy presence go with me.”

How he was exercised while considering this invita-

tion, an extract from a letter written at this time to his intimate friend, Rev. Thomas Winter, will show :

“The idea of leaving my affectionate friends is very painful, and has already suffused my eyes with many tears. But this is a small matter compared with a just review of my doctrine, my manner of life, etc. How have I preached Jesus? How contended for the faith once delivered to the saints? Have I been ashamed of the testimony of Christ? Have I, for the gain of praise, or to shun a frown, kept any thing back from the people? And what has been my manner of life? Have I walked wisely toward them who are without, and constrained any to glorify my heavenly Father? Finally, am I ready to leave my charge in Burlington? Am I clear of every man’s blood? Oh, my brother, my dear brother, this is a serious review for me !”

After much reflection and prayer, the call from Hopewell was accepted, and early in January, 1822, he entered upon his new charge, where, for nearly two years, he continued to labor among a united and happy people with abundant proof of divine favor upon his ministrations.

Shortly after this change in his church relations, occurred a yet more important one as affecting his personal and domestic life. In leaving Burlington he

found he had left his heart there; and, in order to make the removal more complete, and permanent, and comfortable, arrangements were effected to consummate a marriage with Miss Beulah E. Cox, the young lady of his choice, and whom he had recognized as his "destiny" almost upon first sight. As the wedding day drew nigh, he wrote an appropriate letter to his betrothed, and from the following extracts, we may see how sober and religious were his views of the relation upon which they were waiting to enter.

"In the night of time we tread a tiresome way, but join me to bless the Lord for a light to our feet; and in this we fully expect to go hand in hand. Therefore we shall stand witnesses of each other's joys and tribulations: for this I am glad. * * * We have mountains on either hand in thus uniting: on yours, it will be in the midst of the tears of your mother, and on mine, a struggle with poverty; but fear not, God is for us. * * * I trust I shall come up on Lord's Day, though I am not certain. If I do not, I will write you. Farewell, my dear, till I hear from or embrace you. Pray often for me. Think of me. The Lord bless you."

The marriage took place under circumstances some-

what peculiar. The day appointed, June 27, 1822, having come, they left Burlington at an early hour in the morning and reached New Brunswick in the afternoon, where they were united by the Rev. Daniel Dodge, and immediately left for Lyon's Farms, where they arrived in the evening of the same day, and were cordially received by Rev. Thomas Winter and wife, as "Mr. and Mrs. Kennard." Here they remained for a few days, and then returned to Burlington.

There were two reasons for making this trip: one was a desire to have the Rev. Mr. Dodge perform the ceremony, and the other, the fact that Mrs. Cox being a Quakeress, it would have been deemed by "Friends" a breach of order for the mother to have openly sanctioned the marriage of the daughter "out of meeting." And so, though her full consent had been given to the union, it was deemed prudent on the whole, to avoid censure, by changing the scene of the drama to a distant place.

The happy results of this marriage made the lives of both an experience of tenderest affection, and the ministries of home, together with the prudence and sound judgment of the loving wife, contributed not a little to the remarkable efficiency of all the husband's pulpit and public labors. This may not appear con-

spicuously in these pages, and yet it must be acknowledged as having had very much to do in making the character they are intended to sketch, and, without them, the key would be wanting to a life of rarest purity, and piety, and power.

CHAPTER II.

SOWING AND REAPING.

VERY man's life is a plan of God. He may cast himself by his willfulness out of that plan, and thereby become a failure; the very elements that should have borne him with beneficent ministries to his goal becoming his enemies, and hurling him on the rocks. If, on the other hand, he cast himself with a courageous docility upon the current of the Divine influences, his career will receive a unity, harmony, and success, which will elevate it into a living fact in the history of Christ's kingdom. Never ambitious for conspicuous position, and always distrusting his own abilities, Mr. Kennard would have followed his own inclinations, had he settled down in the village church at Hopewell, where he was greatly beloved and happy. But he who leads his servants by a way they know not, designed him for a vastly greater work than he could there accomplish.

This seems to have been his purpose in directing

the events which led to his removal to Blockley, in the suburbs of Philadelphia; for, from the time of his settlement there until his life's work was done, he ever seemed to be ploughing and sowing larger fields, and gathering more abundant harvests.

Indeed, so rapidly did these labors of the spiritual husbandman succeed and even mingle with each other in his ministry, that the prophecy was strikingly fulfilled: "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that planteth the seed."

This change is thus noticed in our mother's diary:

"About this time (October 10th, 1823) the Blockley Church gave him a unanimous call to become their pastor; and with a view to a more extended field of usefulness, he left a church perfectly united in him.

"They had been nine months without a pastor, and every thing looked desolate. It seemed a doubtful duty. * * * But if it was right to go to the most needy, then he did his duty, and the Lord abundantly blessed him. The house filled to overflowing. The members were revived in their graces, and the baptisms were frequent. In the summer season, when the windows were opened, carriages would be seen all around the house, filled with anxious listeners, who could hear his clear voice with ease."

In his own journal he records:

“*October 1, 1823.* Entered on the solemn duties of pastor of the church in Blockley.

“*November.* A precious season—one convert baptized—congregation large—my own soul full of comfort. Feel great longing for the souls of men.

“*December 31.* An evening long to be remembered. Met at the Academy. Sermon preached, many prayers offered, and several exhortations, which brought us within a few minutes of the close of the year. A part of this expiring period was appropriated to sitting in silence. A more affecting silence I never witnessed. Then, finally, we entered the new year by prayer. To this hour there was no idolatrous attention paid, but a wise and blessed improvement made.

“*January 1, 1824.* A new period of my short existence. I feel the effect of last evening’s meeting, both in body and soul. Having stood on my feet four hours, preaching, praying, and exhorting, I have some fever, and some pain in my breast; but my soul is happy to hear good was done.

“*Saturday, January 3.* Preached seven times this week—and the field is so large, so great the appearance of a revival at this time, the harvest so near, that, if my flesh would bear it, I might preach much oftener to large assemblies.

“Fourth Lord’s Day in January. A glorious season of refreshing; three persons baptized; congregations full to overflowing.

“First Lord’s Day in February. Second time in more than six years that I’ve been laid by from preaching by indisposition,—a burning fever, and pain in my breast.

“Second Lord’s Day in February. A new song of praise; for the Lord hath so far restored my health, that I have been able to preach twice to-day. Oh, it is my delight!

“Fifth Lord’s Day in February. Baptized two persons—one had been a very great sinner.

“Fourth Lord’s Day in March. Baptized four persons; meeting very solemn. Blessed be the name of the Lord!

“Third Lord’s Day in June. Preached three times in the New Market Street Church. In the afternoon and evening had very large congregations. One came to me after meeting, crying for mercy.

“Fourth Lord’s Day in July. Communion. Had the happiness to welcome my dear wife (after baptism) to the table. Blessed be the Lord, who strengthened her to do his commandments.

“December 7. Ministers’ meeting. Rev. Eustace Carey, missionary from Calcutta, present. The meet-

ing was a very pleasant one. Oh, how good it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! Next Question: 'The Advantage of a State Convention.' Sermon to be preached by myself. How unworthy I feel! Lord, be thou my helper. Our meetings are very much crowded at Blockley. May the blessed Lord revive his work.

"*Fourth Lord's Day in December.* One baptized; the Lord's work reviving; my labors increasing beyond my strength; preaching from seven to nine times a week, besides my other duties..

"*Fourth Lord's Day in January, 1825.* A day of much comfort to myself and others. Five were baptized; all but one, heads of families. Preached on communion; endeavored to show why we commune alone at the Lord's table, as a denomination. The effect was good, in that it satisfied members that had been wavering, and convinced others.

"*January 7.* Meeting of ministers held at my house; very large. Brother J. L. Dagg preached an excellent sermon. In the remarks made afterwards, the admirers of Fuller and Gill seemed to clash a little. God forbid that this matter should grow to separate brethren."

On the first Thursday of April, he records the ori-

gin of a new Society in Philadelphia for aiding the work of missions on the foreign field :

"Agreeably to previous notice, we met this evening, in Sansom Street Church, to organize another Foreign Missionary Society. Several addresses were delivered, and the services were animated by the intelligence that *the missionaries at Ava are yet alive!* And is Judson yet alive? Oh, what grace! May it please their Preserver to prosper that work! Surely, the Lord reigneth, and blessed be our Rock!

"*December 31.* Twelve o'clock at night,—in prayer to God and solemn covenant, exchanged year for year. Oh, that grace may be given to fulfil the purpose of my soul to be the Lord's! A survey of the past year afflicts my mind. Oh, fruitless tree! Oh, unprofitable servant! Blessed Lord, spare me, that I may redeem the time, and henceforth glorify thee in my body and spirit, which are thine! I desire to bless the Lord for the success which has been given; but O Lord, increase it! For the glory of thy name, for the good of immortal souls, and the encouragement of thy poor servant, revive thy work!"

These aspirations for enlarged usefulness and success did not evaporate in the ejaculations which his closet witnessed with the closing and the opening year.

He immediately entered on the work of answering his own prayers in filial dependence upon divine aid. He called his brethren together in conference on the spiritual state of the church, and the need of enlarging their work for the conversion of the outlying population in the adjacent villages. In that day there were sparsely-settled neighborhoods where now the city extends its corporate limits; and a dense manufacturing population on the one hand, and miles of elegant country-seats on the other, occupy the ground where the occasional cottage and farm-house then were found. The Blockley Church was then required to supply a field where now four churches maintain the worship of God.

How he proposed to cover this field with the Church's evangelical work is indicated in his diary:

"On the second Lord's Day in February, 1826, submitted to the consideration of the church the utility of frequent meetings among the brethren for pious conversation, prayer, and effort. It being approved of, a list of members residing in the bounds of the church was read, and the whole number was resolved into five divisions for the different districts, as follows: Kingessing, Hamiltonville, Haddington, Falls of Schuylkill, and Monroeville.

"Fourth Lord's Day, February. A meeting was held at Monroeville with Brother C——. Several persons of other societies present, and some persons, who we hope are seeking the Lord. A precious meeting. The Hamiltonville district held its meetings at Brother E——s, Friday evening before the second Lord's Day in March. Brethren and sisters present seemed to feel a desire to live to greater purpose. Saturday evening, March —, Haddington district held its meeting at Brother McN——s. The service was very edifying. O Lord, send prosperity to the church."

These services continued for some time, with the happy effect of leavening the neighborhood with evangelical influences. The vine, thus growing over the wall, hung its purple clusters where those that were "without" could refresh their hunger; while an increase of strength at home was at the same time an inevitable result.

This was a time of abounding labor.

"I have been much engaged," he writes to an intimate friend, "preaching from six to nine times during the week, and I find more opportunities than I have strength to fulfil."

In this same letter he speaks of preaching a sermon at the ministers' meeting, from 1 Cor. i. 18, and

naively says, "I found some difficulty in getting through. The excellent Mr. Carey was put in the chair; when they began smiting me* till I was quite sore. However, it did not break my head, but will be like oil. The remarks of Brothers Carey, Ballentyne and D. Jones were very instructive."

About the same time he writes:

"Our meetings are frequent, large, and solemn. Last Lord's Day evening, the members stopped after meeting and freely related the dealings of God with their souls. Oh, my brother, it was a most affecting time! On Monday evening we had a meeting to converse with such as were seeking Jesus. Ten persons gave a relation of what they had experienced. This seems to be the Lord's doings, which, while I survey, I greatly wonder that he should employ an instrument so weak. Yet my wonder is converted into praise when I remember that it is written, '*Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.*' These circumstances have considerably affected my own heart, and make me feel more solemn and more fervent in the work of the Lord."

Again, a few months after: "I rejoice to hear of the revival at Scotch Plains. Dear Brother B——, how much he will rejoice! *How loud he will sing!*†

* The sermon was preached for criticism.

† Referring to the brother's well-known enthusiasm in music.

When you see him, remember me to him. I rejoice also to hear that you have troubled the waters of baptism. The Lord succeed your labors with a blessing. I think my desire to serve the Lord is greater now than ever before ; but I am not fit ; I am too unholy. Lord, sanctify me through thy truth !”

While seeking thus to develop the working power of his Church, and enjoying repeated tokens of the divine favor, an event occurred which in great measure changed his plans and led him forth into a still larger work.

The religious destitution of the State was pressed upon his attention in such a manner that he could not rest. Says Dr. Jewell, in a sketch of his ministry, written in 1842: “At the meeting of the Philadelphia Association in October, 1827, in connection with several kindred spirits, he called the attention of his brethren to this subject, and with great earnestness advocated their occupancy of this missionary field. The result of these efforts was the appointment of a committee to take into consideration the feasibility of supplying the destitute regions of the State with the gospel, and adopt those measures which would be best calculated to promote the object.”

In his own journal he writes :

“*Second Wednesday in March.* Committee of the

Missionary Association met at Brother H——s, and, agreeably to a former resolution, went into the business of appointing an agent, when it appeared that I was the person in view, though quite unexpected to me. . . . It being insisted on, I referred it to the church. May the will of the Lord be done!"

Consent was obtained from the church for a six-weeks' tour; but as the work grew upon his hands, he found it necessary to make frequent excursions for a week at a time, endeavoring to return by Saturday night to fill his pulpit on the Lord's Day.

In these missionary tours he would hasten like a burning torch from place to place, calling meetings, speaking every evening, visiting the churches of the Philadelphia Association, and others at remote points, seeking to kindle by his own zeal a warmer interest for the neglected regions. Of the amount of labor performed, we may gain a hint from his journal.

"*April 27, 1827.* One year has passed since I commenced my tour. Oh, blessed be the Lord, the labor has not been in vain. Six auxiliary societies have been formed; the missionary spirit much increased; in one destitute place religion revived, souls converted, and a church formed."

Further reference to this work will be made in the chapter on his public relations.

His mission this year was not without its trials and joys, as his journal indicates.

“*Friday, September 1, 1827.* Left home for Easton. From several causes, my heart was filled with sadness; my fellow passengers were all strangers to me, which I did not regret, as I desired to sit in silence and muse on painful circumstances. The country, on every hand, is beautiful. The scenery near Brother M——s is very fine; had I only my dear companion or one dear friend with me, how pleasant it would be; but how unlike rejoicing nature is my desolate spirit. Arrived at Brother Mathias’ at eleven o’clock; met with a very kind reception, but am much indisposed; had a slight chill, which makes me feel unpleasant in view of pursuing my journey to Easton, where I must be among strangers; but the distress of my body and prospect of death is nothing compared to the distress of my mind. Mrs. M. asked me to-night if I ever had trials in my mind. I spoke freely of my gloomy state, perhaps *too* freely, but it was a present relief. Now will I retire to rest. Lord Jesus, be gracious to my dear companion, my children, and my dear friends, who are present with me in heart; remember the church for which I have suffered so much in my spirit within one week. Oh, revive thy work.

“*Saturday morning.* Rose at six o’clock. Health

bad this morning. Whether to go to Easton or remain here till Brother M. returns, is a question I find hard to decide, for, to ride through a German settlement thirty miles, sick as I am, and prospect of rain, discourages me; yet I desire to go, and many will be disappointed if I go not. Lord, direct me. At seven and a half o'clock left Brother M——s for Easton. After travelling about seven miles, I thought I must give up and return, but I persevered and in much weakness reached Easton without dinner. Was taken to a Mrs. ——'s, and went to bed. Oh, if my dearest were present to minister to me, how different I should feel. My lodgings are very uncomfortable, and were it not for wounding feelings, I would go to a public house. I cannot eat while here, I am sure. Yet why complain? My Master had not where to lay his sacred head. In about two days I shall leave. At five o'clock called to tea, but as I expected when I first saw Mrs. —— and the condition of the house, I could not eat. I trust she is a good Christian, but am sure she is a miserable housekeeper.

“Lord’s Day morning rose early and bowed in prayer to him who on the first day of the week rose from the bed of death for me. Yes, he was dead but is alive again, and liveth forevermore. Alas, how little do I feel the power of his resurrection, or the fellowship

of his sufferings! How little am I conformed to his death! Phil. iii. 10. No appetite for my breakfast, nor did I expect to eat. I was requested to speak at the water, but refused, as my health did not justify it. Baptized at nine o'clock at a romantic spot on the Delaware. Many were present. At ten o'clock I preached in the Court House to a large and weeping assembly, but owing to weakness from disease and want of suitable food, I was much overcome, and with difficulty reached Mr. R——s; but the moment I entered, I saw I was in a very different place from where I had stayed, and that Mrs. R. was a housekeeper. For the first time I could eat with comfort. Farewell to Sister —— . While I stay at Easton I will not leave my new home. While at dinner word came that the people wished to hear “the little man” in the afternoon, but I plead sickness and requested to retire. Sister R. showed me a clean and comfortable bed, and then kindly asked me what she could do for me. Such were my feelings, that had it been prudent I could have kissed her hand with tears of gratitude. Meeting at three o'clock at Mrs. R——s house, which is large. Mr. R. came up and entreated I would preach, though there were two other preachers besides himself. I got up and went down, thinking ‘what would Dr. J. say to me, were he here,’ but I

could not refuse. Preached from Psalm lxvi. 16, *Come and hear*, etc.,—a most solemn time;—hardly one in the house that did not weep; Mr. R. and one lady wept aloud. Preaching ended, I went to bed again, leaving them to attend to the communion. An appointment has been made for me at South Easton this evening, but I cannot, must not, will not go. Nine o'clock. Alone in my room. Oh, that my beloved were here to cheer the lonely moments as they pass. Lord, regard my dear wife and children; return me to them in saf ty.

“*Monday morning*, rose early; felt some yielding in prayer. O Saviour, melt, melt this frozen heart. At eight o'clock bade farewell to Easton friends. After travelling about ten miles down the Delaware, surrounded by changing scenery and very beautiful, Brother M. pointed to a hill near by, and said, ‘There is the Durham Cave.’ My romantic mind caught at the word, and I said: ‘We will stop and explore it.’ We obtained a guide, and with lighted candles entered by a large opening, say sixty feet in width by thirty feet in height, and at an elevation above the river of one hundred feet. There was a flock of sheep sheltering themselves from the sun, about fifty feet in. Above, and on either side, were massive rocks. At the end of our dark journey was a lovely spring of water, which we could

discern only by our candles. It was said to be very deep. The length of the cave is about three hundred feet. Half-way there is a branch, called 'The Chamber,' eighty feet long. I felt a gloomy pleasure while I thought of David in the cave of Adullam, and of the saints of old, who dwelt in caves and dens of the earth."

We find him closing this year with a special season of devotion with his church on the last night of December; entering the new year in silent prayer and with fervent desires for greater earnestness of purpose and larger fruits.

He writes, "*February 8.* I am a professed disciple of Christ. Let me, therefore, live unto God! I am a minister. Oh, that I may make full proof of my ministry! I am a pastor. Oh, that I may have grace to fit me to take the oversight of the flock, that I may feed the sheep and the lambs! I am agent for the mission. The Lord give me wisdom to plan, and zeal to carry into effect, all useful plans, and thus promote the best of all causes!

"*Thursday evening, Feby. 14th, 1828.* My dear brother Samuel died 27 years 2 months and 3 days old. He was truly pious as a Christian and popular as a minister. He preached about seven years, and near seven hundred were converted under his preaching. He died saying 'Come, Lord Jesus!'

“*April 24th.* We have recently had reason to believe that the Lord is about to revive his work. I have felt, since my brother’s death, to be much engaged in the work of the ministry. Oh, may I live as he lived, and die as he died! Our prayer-meetings are very large and solemn, many are seeking the Lord. This day eight persons have been examined for baptism,—

‘Hail, mighty Jesus, how divine
Is thy victorious sword!’”

With reference to his work as General Agent for the State Missionary Association we transcribe from Mrs. Kennard’s journal.

“While serving the society gratuitously, spending considerable time in travelling, and conducting the correspondence with those in the field, his house was open at all times as a home to missionaries when passing that way. The weary were refreshed, and the sick nursed. The Convention, increasing in strength, felt the importance of having more of his time, and offered to the church to pay a young minister for one year to supply his place when absent, and help him when at home. But they would not be satisfied with any supply obtained; and after a winter spent in overtaking himself, endeavoring to do his duty to the society, and gratify the people with his presence on the Lord’s Day

to the injury of his health, he determined to resign the church and accept the agency.

“This step involved the sundering of the dearest ties. He had labored among them for nearly eight years with signal success; and to leave them was a trial costing him a painful struggle. But the path of duty seemed to be made plain, and his resignation was the result.”

The acceptance of the letter of resignation was a more difficult thing than its presentation. Not a person, at first, could be induced to move its acceptance. The people, bathed in tears, protested against it; and only on the most earnest and affectionate declaration of their pastor, that the necessities of the state were imperative, could a few votes be got to release him.

He now threw all his energies into the missionary work; at one time visiting the churches to enlist their co-operation, and gather funds; then going forth into the destitute regions, gathering together the scattered families of the Baptist flock, organizing churches, and then searching out missionaries to minister to them the preached word.

Sometimes he met with decided opposition from the enemies of the Baptist faith; but this only aroused him to a firmer resolution to press the work. But, alas! in less than one year his health was so impaired

by his excessive labors, that he was obliged to relinquish this cherished and most important work.

“Almost immediately upon learning his decision” —says Mrs. Kennard’s diary—“a unanimous call was given him to the Pastorate of the New Market Street, now Fourth Church of Philadelphia.”

He had scarcely begun to recuperate his exhausted strength when he was called upon to decide this new and important question. The New Market Street Church was then in an unpromising state. It had passed through afflictions of so disheartening a character, that it was a very delicate and difficult thing for any man, and especially a young man, to take the position of pastor.

After a season of anxious deliberation, the predominant idea of his ministry, to go where most needed, triumphed, and with an humble faith in the great Head of the church, he entered upon his work, in January, 1832.

The settlement of Mr. Kennard was a new era in the history of that church. Order was brought out of confusion; discipline was enforced; empty pews were filled; and soon the Spirit was poured forth, and sinners began to flock to the meetings, and converts to the waters of baptism. Revival followed revival, until the meeting-house became quite too small for the

numbers that hung upon his preaching. We regret that Mr. Kennard did not leave some history of the interesting events within this period of six years.

From the time he entered Philadelphia, his labors were so incessant, that except a noting of engagements, with here and there a passing incident, no record was kept. Much of his valuable experience is thus irrevocably lost. A few way-marks from his diaries will indicate some of his plans and labors.

“January 31st, 1835. The first month of the new year closes with this day. When the month began, I was oppressed with cares and anxieties in relation to my diversified duties, and enjoyed but little peace of mind. The church, now numbering more than five hundred, is a solemn charge for one so weak in body and lean in spirit as myself.

“February 2. Examination of candidates. Eight persons received.

“February 4. Commenced a course of Bible class instruction as a church.

“February 5. Attended a protracted meeting at Burlington, at which place fifteen years ago, I was ordained as pastor. Preached in the afternoon and evening. Returned on Friday, expecting to baptize the next morning; but in Providence we were pre-

vented in consequence of the lowness of the tide and the great mass of ice.

“*February* 9. Female Burman Education Society met at our place of worship. Brother J. M. Linnard presided; Brother A. D. Gillette and myself spoke on the occasion. After this I attended a meeting of the Education Board of Haddington Institute, and church meeting in the evening; Bible Class on Friday night; Anxious Meeting on Saturday night.

“*March*, 1835. Second Lord’s Day—preached on Baptism; at 2 o’clock baptized ten willing converts in the Spruce Street Church, owing to the difficulty of the ice and low tide at our usual place.”

Dr. Gillette, being on a visit to Philadelphia, in January of this same year, says, “At 2 P. M., I met your father and hundreds of his beloved flock on the banks of the Delaware, and at his request he being ill, I buried in baptism fourteen rejoicing disciples, won to Christ by his instrumentality. The thermometer was below zero. Ice formed rapidly around me, and our robes were quickly frozen to stiffness. Your father, sitting in a carriage near by, cheered us with his benignant smiles; and blessed the Lord for what his glad eyes beheld as the fruit of his ardent toils.”

Another incident related by Dr. Gillette, is worthy of record as perfectly characteristic of the pastor’s sym-

pathy for young ministers. "On Saturday, Dec. 21st, 1834, I met your beloved father in the book-store, and he engaged me to preach for him on the afternoon of the ensuing Sunday in the New Market street church,"—Dr. Gillette was then seeking help for his church in Schenectady, N. Y.—"I dined with Dr. J., and went with him to your father's pulpit. The house was crowded with an eager-looking audience to whom I preached from Job 14: 14, 'If a man die shall he live again?'

"Your father arose and with deepest feeling—with which you know he always glowed—said: 'Brethren, the young brother who has addressed you represents a poor people, at the seat of Union College. He has not asked aid of me for them, and I will not; but I will hold out my hand; it is small, and you can easily fill it; and what you put into it, I will give him for his people. I have been happy under his sermon. I have but little money; but I would willingly give every thing I have to go to that heaven of which he has been speaking.' Twenty-five dollars came from that ever generous hand, as unlooked for by me as if it had descended from the hand of the Lord."

In a review of the six busy and blessed years he spent with that church, he says:

"In answer to our united prayers, the Lord sent us

such prosperity as few of his churches have known in the same period of time. Pecuniary embarrassments have diminished; additions to the church, by letter and baptism, have exceeded four hundred souls; while the congregation, which at first was small, has increased, until we frequently have not room to contain the people who desire to gain admittance. For all this prosperity, give God the glory. He that planteth is nothing—neither he that watereth.”

When we remember that he began this pastorate with a body weakened by his abounding missionary toils, and that frequently through these years, with a soul that could not endure inaction, he dragged to the pulpit and prayer-room an aching head and fevered frame, when he might well have been in bed; and to all the protestations of physicians and friends, replied, “The King’s business requireth haste;” and yet that at the end of six years’ incessant work he came out stronger in body and spirit than ever, we must bear record that God rewarded in a signal manner his servant’s heroic faith, when he entered the field with the cry, “I will go in the strength of the Lord God. I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only!”

But great as was the prosperity within the bounds of his church, the missionary spirit that ever burned

within him, joined to the desire to develop the aggressive power of the church, led him to enlarge the field of his operations, and thus was initiated a movement which led to the

ORIGIN OF THE TENTH CHURCH.

Of the steps which led to this enterprise he speaks in a statement made to the mother church :

“Shortly after I became your pastor, and in the midst of the outpouring of the Spirit from on high, I recommended an extension of your influence on the surrounding community by establishing meetings for preaching, exhortation and prayer.

“The suggestion was unanimously approved, and the work commenced in various places in the vicinity of the church. The last of these places, though not the least important, was the district of Spring Garden. There was a conviction that a church would soon arise, but how soon, none could say; nor did it seem so necessary, so that the glory of God and the salvation of men could be advanced by those who felt a desire to labor in that section.”

Mrs. Kennard's diary continues the narrative.

“A Sunday School was first established at the corner of Sixth and Coates street, in October, 1837. Soon it was moved to the ‘Academy,’ Eighth and Buttonwood, where prayer-meetings were held every

Thursday evening. The mission greatly prospered, and the field for usefulness was very inviting. They were in the midst of a rapidly increasing population, disposed to attend upon the services.

“It soon became evident, that to work with efficiency, a colony must separate itself from the church, and be constituted an independent body. But, notwithstanding the resolution was passed at a stated meeting, that the church would cheerfully grant letters of dismission to any of the brethren and sisters who may deem it their duty to unite in forming a separate interest, at any convenient distance west of the present place of worship, the little band of laborers feared to venture. They were unable to procure permanently a suitable hall to accommodate a congregation, and the times were most unpropitious for a new enterprise, as it was during the financial crisis of 1837. Therefore, they could not hope to build. Then there arose a feeling of discontent and jealousy among some of the older members toward ‘the new interest,’ lest they should stay long enough to draw away, when they did go, a larger number than the church could spare, and perhaps the pastor with them.

“These brethren brought the matter to the church, and insisted that they should set up their banner im-

mediately, or should abandon the mission Sunday School and the services held in connection with it. The members who were interested in this new movement resolved that they could not give up their work nor relinquish their hope of a permanent organization, and that, if the pastor would go with them, they were willing to risk an attempt, but not otherwise.

“Here the matter was brought to an issue, and Mr. Kennard must decide it. He saw that the peace of the church demanded a separation; but how could he see these faithful brethren and sisters sent forth to labor under such disadvantages, and, to all reasonable expectations, fail in their noble work? He resolved to go with them. This at once gave a powerful impetus to the movement. Immediately, one hundred and sixty-nine names were enrolled; this list would have been more extended, had not the wise and loving counsellor restrained the impulse.”

A church was immediately organized, January 1st, 1838, and their first act, January 2d, was to call Mr. Kennard to become their pastor.

In his letter of resignation to the New Market St. Church, he thus speaks of his love for them: “I thought nothing but death should separate us;” but gives as his motive for leaving and starting with the new interest: “The advancement of the cause of

Christ, which has been, is now, and I trust ever will be, my highest aim in all my labors."

This parting was not effected without a great struggle in the mind of the pastor, who saw that he was leaving a field of great usefulness, and where he was so beloved, that two hundred members voted at first not to accept his resignation. He was also besought to look at his own interest, to consider the difficulty of a pecuniary support, and the probability, as his own health was so frail, that he would break down under the pressure of such an undertaking.

In his written resignation these words occur, as his parting charge, "With the warmest feelings of an affectionate pastor and a dying man, I charge you, be at peace and have fervent charity among yourselves; be not bitter one against another, but rather have compassion one on another, and be clothed with humility. Should the Lord shortly send you another pastor, stand by him; let the deacons be his bosom friends; pity his infirmities and hold up his arms, by your fervent prayers to God for him. Toward the brethren about to become a separate church, cultivate a spirit of sincere love, and pray for their prosperity. *Their cause is your cause, as your God is their God.* At the close of the present year, I shall publicly take my leave of you and the dear congregation."

Drawn together under the ministry of Mr. Kennard, and animated by his missionary zeal and self-sacrificing spirit, the young church started on its career. A room was procured at the corner of Seventh and Callowhill streets for Sunday morning, and Temperance Hall, on Third below Green streets, for evening meetings. The first sermon preached in the Hall by the pastor from the text, "Who is on the Lord's side?" was blessed to the awakening of forty persons, who rose to request prayers, at the close of the discourse. Crowds waited upon the word so faithfully presented, and after each service, many, overpowered with the solemnity of divine truth, remained weeping and praying. It was indeed a sudden appearing of the Lord in the midst of his temple.

The church now saw the necessity of building a place of worship, and in face of the disadvantages of the high price of labor and materials, and the restricted means of the members—few even possessing a competency,—they entered upon the work with courage and zeal. A lot was purchased on Eighth Street above Green, and the foundations were laid broad and deep, for the meeting-house of the Tenth Baptist Church. This location was then considered the northwestern outskirts of the city; and where now acres of costly dwellings cluster, were weed-grown

commons, and the rough character of the district made it more desirable for missionary labor.

During the summer of 1838, while the house was being built, meetings were held every Sunday evening at six o'clock, under a commodious tent which was erected on the adjoining lot. Many idle passers-by were arrested by the novel sight, and this sojourn in the open air is remembered with romantic interest by those, then led into the fold of Christ. In the autumn, the basement Lecture Room was completed, and entered Sunday, October 14th, 1838, with appropriate services. Nine months had elapsed since the organization of the church and at the meeting of the Association, the first Tuesday in this month, they were admitted to that body, with sixty converts added to their number. Though wanderers, having no certain dwelling-place, the "Angel of the Covenant" blessed them, and sacred seasons of communion with heaven made every place in which they rested a Bethel.

Although this was a time of great joy it was also a time of great labor. The ladies of the church were not less active than the brethren. They took upon themselves the burden of the ground-rent, and through a "Fair" held in the Hall, raised one thousand dollars—a great amount for that day—for the furnishing of the house. Mrs. Kennard writes in her diary.

“Mr. Kennard’s efforts were almost beyond parallel. Always at his post, enduring great fatigue, with overwhelming anxiety, both temporal and spiritual; engaged with his brethren of the building committee in raising the necessary funds, and anxious to press forward to completion the upper part of the church, as the congregation could not be accommodated in the lecture room. While pressed with these duties and interests the work of building the spiritual temple demanded his constant care. Very many inquirers were to be instructed, and the home of the pastor was continually visited by those needing religious advice.”

Often did Mr. Kennard express his gratitude for the manner in which the means were provided for the expenditures of the committee. The baptistery was used April 6, 1839, while the main audience room was unfinished, and twenty-seven converts witnessed a good confession before a crowded congregation.

This circumstance is often referred to as a proof of God’s gracious work in building upon the foundation, Jesus Christ, the lively stones of this new spiritual temple, faster than the earthly house could be erected for his worship.

When at last the building was complete, in the autumn of 1839, the people went up to its dedication with tears and songs of joy. Great had been their

sacrifices, abundant their labors, and wonderful their faith; and now that the house of the Lord stood forth before their eyes, they entered into its gates with thanksgiving, and into its courts with praise.

On the day of the dedication, sermons were preached by Professor George W. Eaton, of Madison University, New York, the Rev. Rufus Babcock, and the Rev. George B. Ide, of Philadelphia, all of whom survive the pastor.

No sooner had the house been opened, than it was filled in every part with eager listeners to the word. The Holy Spirit descending in Pentecostal power, applied the preaching to the hearts of the unconverted, and a series of revivals, or rather an uninterrupted work of grace, continued for about twelve years. We well remember the first time the pastor, with indescribable sadness, announced that "this month no converts had presented themselves for baptism," following the statement by a thrilling exhortation for the church to awake to prayer and effort.

Two years after the constitution of the Church, it had increased from one hundred and sixty-nine to six hundred and forty-eight members. Of this number, three hundred and seventy-two were added by baptism; and, in a little over five years, seven hundred and one converts were brought to the Saviour under Mr. Kennard's ministry with this people.

Not content with receiving refreshing influences from on high themselves, both pastor and people desired the same blessing for others, and started mission prayer-meetings in destitute neighborhoods. Finding that they could secure a good house of worship in the district of Kensington, it was obtained; and services were immediately held, and a Sunday School established there. The pastor preached and commenced a series of meetings, assisted by the Rev. Frederic Ketcham. Referring to this, he writes to a friend:

“You sympathize with me in my labors, and indeed they have been excessive. But, will you believe it, I am about greatly to increase them by the establishment of an interest in Kensington. Yes, I have already got possession of a new meeting-house lately built for Mr. West, very neatly finished. To-morrow, the Lord willing, I preach the first sermon. I shall preach each Sunday afternoon, and once in the week, and take a general oversight. A church will not be organized at present. I am only laying ‘the foundation.’ Oh, that I may do it ‘as a wise master-builder,’ and then ‘let every man take heed how he buildeth.’”

In six months, twenty conversions rewarded their efforts. A colony of forty-three persons was dismissed, October 15th, 1840, from the church, to labor for the

extension of Christ's kingdom, under the name of the Twelfth Baptist Church, Kensington.

Two years subsequently to this enterprise, in December, 1842, the North Baptist Church was constituted under the auspices of the Tenth Church. Thirty-six members were dismissed to form the new organization, twenty-seven of whom had previously come by experience from an irregular church. The establishment of a new interest was contemplated, but the assistance and sanction of this church was deemed necessary.

A large and vigorous band of brethren and sisters were dismissed, July 3d, 1844, and became the Broad street Baptist Church. Sixty-seven persons formed this colony, of whom thirty-eight were men. This most interesting and promising branch was constituted in the meeting-house of the Tenth Church, July 11th, 1844, in accordance with the recommendation of the council held that day.

A mission Sunday School had been two years in successful operation at Thirteenth and Melon streets, and the field was well chosen for the enterprise, as the result of the effort showed. The Rev. J. L. Burrows was called to be pastor, and a large number of the members of the Sansom Street Church came with him, and were received into the new church, and helped on the noble work. This new interest received the hearty

co-operation of Mr. Kennard, and its prosperity gave him great joy.

The following letter to the Philadelphia Association in 1844 will mirror the work of the church at that time :

“DEAR BRETHREN :—With devout gratitude to God for his goodness, we present our sixth annual report. Another year of enlargement hath been granted unto us—a year of peace and prosperity. Surely, we have abundant cause to ‘remember the way the Lord hath led us!’ The first of January, 1838, we were welcomed to the sisterhood of Baptist churches, without a place of worship, with limited pecuniary resources, and at a time of great embarrassment and gloom in the entire community. But the Angel of Jehovah was manifestly with us, and we may say, with the pious patriarch, ‘Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.’ Since that period we have reared a spacious house of prayer, in a delightful location, which has ever been filled with attentive hearers.

“Nine hundred and fifty persons have been received to membership. Two churches have gone out from us in peace; and to them also the Lord hath granted enlargement and prosperity. The spirit of contention has never been suffered to disturb us. The establishment of another church in the vicinity of Broad and

Coates is at this time contemplated, and would be accomplished immediately had we money at command.

“While these results create joy and surprise, we are constrained to say, ‘Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory.’ Had we been less selfish and more faithful, we might have accomplished a far greater amount of good; still, goodness and mercy distinguish the Lord’s doings.

“Shortly after your session closed, the influence of the Spirit was bestowed upon us, causing a deeper interest in spiritual things, particularly in the preaching of the word, and in meetings for prayer. Soon converts were multiplied, and from month to month we visited the emblematic grave attended by crowded assemblies deeply affected; and many who had not been accustomed to attend our worship received their first and most effectual religious impressions.

“The several ministers connected with us, without exception, have been actively engaged in preaching the gospel in various pulpits and destitute places. Of these, three have been dismissed to other fields of labor.

“The health of our pastor, contrary to the fears of many, has much improved, and we are cheered with the prospect of his continued labors with us. We have increased the number of our deacons from five to eight,

as our circumstances seem to require. Besides our Sunday-school, we have two adult Bible classes numbering one hundred persons. Four young brethren by the advice of the church are now preparing for the ministry, with much promise of usefulness. We are now contributing to our State Convention four hundred dollars per year, and we stand pledged for like amount to support a missionary among the people of the 'Mountain Chief.'

"In reviewing our state, there is nothing we so much need and desire as stability, and perseverance in holiness. We are assured that our security and influence does not consist in our numbers, nor in large additions, nor in shining gifts or flaming zeal, but in consecration to God. We have received by baptism one hundred and sixteen, by letter fifty-one, and experience seventy-seven."

It is evident from this that the "Tenth Baptist Church" had become a decided power in the community. Pastor and people successfully projected enterprises for the advancement of the good cause. The colonies that left were the peaceful outgrowth of this healthy activity. Every effort to establish missions and Sunday-schools in the surrounding neighborhood, did not result in permanent institutions; for, in some instances, Providence seemed to direct others into

the same vineyard, that had greater facilities for the accomplishment of the same object; and sometimes, after a great amount of good being done, the work would pass into the hands of others.

The "Spring Garden Hall," "West Coates Street," and "Oxford Street" mission schools were each for years flourishing and interesting stations for preaching and prayer-meetings. Religious instruction, like seed, was sown in the hearts of many scholars. The pastor would often, besides his two regular services, walk these great distances to hold forth the word of life.

Obtaining possession of a meeting-house on Thirteenth street, vacated by another denomination, he proposed to his church to plant the standard of Christ there. At his solicitation, forty brethren and sisters volunteered; and these being joined by twenty-two others chiefly from the Calvary Church, were Jan. 30th, 1855, organized into the Spring Garden Baptist Church.

The Cumberland street, now Mt. Zion Church, was also planted mainly through the labors of the young brethren of the Tenth Church stimulated by their pastor. A Sunday-school, beginning with four scholars, was started and sustained mainly by men and means supplied by the Young Men's Christian Association of the church. Prayer-meetings and preaching were

carried on under the fostering care of the pastor and a missionary appointed by the Publication Society, a lot bought, and a chapel built. These efforts, like the others, were prospered by the divine blessing, and souls were converted. These, together with brethren from various churches, and a valuable colony from the Tenth, were constituted into a church, which in a few years has grown into strength.

Dr. Thos. Winter thus writes in a memorial sketch of Dr. Kennard: "The Tenth Baptist Church of Philadelphia is justly regarded as a remarkable monument to the memory of a good and faithful minister of Christ, and as a living proof of the glorious efficiency of the gospel, preached with fidelity and applied by the Holy Spirit. * * *

"A church, commencing with a membership of less than one hundred and seventy, has grown at some periods, to near eleven hundred members; while branches have been planted (four or five) in surrounding localities, which have themselves taken root, becoming strong and wide-spread trees of righteousness in the garden of the Lord, yielding good fruit to his glory. Individual members also, in large numbers, have, by God's providence, been removed to different places in the land, carrying with them a strong religious influence, which has been of most salutary power on others."

Twenty-nine years have elapsed since the church was formed, and its saving, healthful influence attests the wisdom, and rewards the sacrifices of its founders. On its twenty-fifth anniversary, January, 1863, the members had a kind of Harvest Home. It was a glance at the ingathering, a retrospect of years of labor, a loving reunion of the family at home with the laborers abroad. Music and rejoicing were there; never did the walls of that house resound gladder notes than when, in full chorus, the Lord was praised for his great goodness by both "young men and maidens, old men and children." The desk was removed, and the arm-chair placed in the pulpit, and in it sat the loved pastor, now with silvered locks, looking round upon his gathered sheaves, and, with grateful joy, reciting the dealings of God with him and his people these twenty-five years, with the Ebenezer record, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Since January 1, 1838, when they started forth, a missionary band of one hundred and sixty-nine, fourteen hundred and fifty converts had been baptized, and twenty ministers sent forth to scatter the seed of the kingdom. Letters of greeting came from the absent laborers, and words of cheering report from those who now returned rejoicing. Hallowed reminiscences awakened the tenderest emotions; while those who had been gathered

home, during these years, were spoken of as the blessed dead whose works do follow them.

The familiar lines:

“Hail, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one,”

were sung to the tune of “Auld Lang Syne,” accompanied, with the most thrilling effect, by full band, with brass and stringed instruments. Then a love-feast, or social repast, was served, and one thousand partook with genial spirit of both the refreshment for the body, and of the rich enjoyment of the scene. Just at the parting moment, the pastor called together all of those who were the constituent members of the church in 1838, and with loving words presented each with a beautiful bouquet as a memento of the occasion. With thanksgiving and a blessing, the assembly dispersed to their homes, each to remember that anniversary as one of the happiest thoughts of their dear, long-loved pastor’s heart.

On a scrap of paper, in his handwriting, we found, after his decease, the following, dated July, 1864:

“RESULTS.—Preached forty-six years—sermons, ten thousand—three thousand awakened to salvation—two thousand and thirty-three baptized—marriages, four thousand and eighty-nine—funerals, three thousand nine hundred.

“Now in view of all the way the Lord hath led me, with profound gratitude to a sovereign God and my Master Jesus Christ, I lay all the glory at his feet, and from my soul say: Grace, grace, glory, glory, be given to God and the Lamb, now and forever! Amen.”

In the remaining two years, which were among the most successful of his life, he baptized more than one hundred.

Surely the history of these forty-eight years establishes that faithful saying, “He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”

CHAPTER III.

IN THE PULPIT.

HE pulpit is the minister's cross and throne. Crucified to self, he attains a sovereignty over men's hearts.

Whatever may be his efficiency in other departments of his pastoral office, it is to his preaching that we naturally look for his mightiest efforts and his most marked success. There he stands forth in the eyes of all the people, on the days specially devoted to the hearing of God's message, as Heaven's ambassador. In brain, and heart, and life, he bears the credentials of his high commission; and could we penetrate the invisible world that surrounds us, we might see seraphic faces, intently listening, and the recording angels transcribing his words for an eternal testimony.

The true preacher, like the poet, is born—not constructed. Dr. Kennard had those natural qualifications for the pulpit which are so essential to success; innate qualities of mind and heart that adapted him

to teach, persuade, and move men in the channel of his own thought and feeling. Some men's natures are lofty and massive like the ocean rocks; and some are fluent, propulsive, resistless, like the ocean current. His was of the latter quality.

His soul habitually travailed with thoughts and desires for men, that yearned for utterance. His mind was like a wondrously vital soil, which, beneath those warm showers he constantly enjoyed from on high, put forth perennial and luxuriant vegetation. The pulpit was, therefore, to him never a terror,—preaching never a task. He loved it; his whole being was married to it.

But, on the other hand, it was not a place for mere æsthetic enjoyment or rhetorical display. Few things saddened and angered him more than a flippant discourse, or frivolous manner in the sacred desk. It was to him the theatre of the most solemn transactions between God and men. It was also an object of his enthusiastic faith. He thoroughly believed in its divine sanction, and in the presence of the Holy Spirit with the preacher, illuminating, inspiring, listening. He intensely believed in it as the specific and supreme power, under God, for the salvation of the world. He had no sympathy with the modern idea, that the pulpit is no longer to be depended on as

the chief instrument for turning men to God. He rejoiced, and aided most heartily in the distribution of religious literature; he loved the Sunday School, and anticipated from it great results; yet he admitted neither of them as the rival of the preached word, as the præminent and divinely blessed channel of the gospel message.

He possessed also the rare ability to think accurately and well on his feet, and to think his best in the presence of an audience and in the heat of discourse.

If the doctrine of Vinet* be true, that sympathy is the foundation of eloquence—sympathy with the word and sympathy with the hearer—he was to that extent favored. His heart warmed with his theme, his intellect kindled with his argument, his deepest sensibilities were moved, and his soul lifted itself up like a great tidal wave and poured itself over his lips.

These natural advantages were of utmost value to him all through his ministry, in view of the limited opportunities he had for acquiring the materials of

*“Eloquence rests on sympathy. One can never be eloquent except he can speak or write under an influence from those to whom he addresses himself; they must inspire him, and unless this condition is met, he may be profound and interesting, but he cannot be eloquent. He must feel the necessity of communicating his life to others.” *INTROD. TO HOMILETICS.*

thought and expression for his work. His preparation for the pulpit was not after the modern style.

Payson, in giving an account of his method of preparation to a friend, says, "On Sunday morning and Thursday evening, I preach without notes, but generally from a sketch of my sermon. I should like to write more, but my health will not permit it, and I find that when any good is done, it is my extempore sermons that do it. I am afraid of producing a faith which stands, not in the power of God, but in the wisdom of men; and therefore make as little use as possible of human arguments; but confine myself to a plain, simple statement of divine truth. The sword of the Spirit will not wound if it has the scabbard on it. I also aim to preach the truths of religion in a practical and experimental, rather than in a dry and speculative manner."

The method of Dr. Kennard was an exact parallél, and from a similar cause. A chronic tendency to congestion of the brain, brought on by hard study in his early life, was sure to manifest itself on any continued application, while the overwhelming cares of the church and incessant demands upon his time left him but little space during the week for his Sunday preparation. He would generally have some theme in his mind, over which he would ruminate when he

was walking the streets in his visitations; but it was seldom that he could give himself to consecutive thought till the Saturday morning. Then he would enter his little study, and sit down with a half sheet of paper folded before him, his Bible, Concordance, and perhaps Henry's Commentary lying near. He seemed by a sort of instinct to select texts that were like ripe olives, dripping themselves with fresh oil, or clusters of purple grapes, only needing a little pressure to burst with wine. It seemed to him more profitable to draw the precious thoughts of God out of the text than to put his own into it. At other times he would advance with unsandalled feet and awe-struck heart into the very holy of holies of truth's temple, and study the deep things of God, and present to his people those grand and awful doctrines under which the heart trembles and the reason staggers, but which are needful to him who would "declare the whole counsel of God."

If now he could only be left to his studies, if he would lock his door, and deny himself to all comers, it were well. But no, he has just got his text written, and begun to grasp the thread of his argument, when the bell rings, and he with a sigh goes down to see a caller. Returning to his study, distracted and weary, he again sits down, and is soon buried in thought, when

another imperative signal calls him to see another tedious visitor. A frequent entry in his Diary was like the following.—“Saturday, my most important day for study, has been filled with half-hour calls. What is to be done? I know not.” “Sunday morning, a crowded house, seats in aisles; but in what a state of mind I went to the pulpit; how unfit for my holy work!” Yet often, after such entries, he would have to record: “Preached with great liberty.”—“A powerful time.”—“A wonderful day.”—“Greatly assisted in preaching.”

Thus through the day. He succeeds in getting his subject open, and its inner power laid bare by the middle of the afternoon, when a carriage waits to take him to a funeral, or some case of affliction must be visited. He retires early on Saturday night, and with good conscience of a week's work well done as his opiate, he sleeps soundly. On Sunday morning he is up very early, and the first rays of the sun that enter his study window fall upon his head, bowed in prayer or leaning on his hand in earnest thought. From five till nine he thus meditates upon his theme, occasionally penning a line that shall be the starting-point of an argument or appeal. Then he dresses for church, and spends the last half hour in secret prayer in his bed-room. Here he would lay the whole sub-

ject before the throne, and, as a high-priest, intercede for the people to whom he was to preach. He would go from his knees to the pulpit, with the fire burning in his bones, and the light from the throne shining in his face.

In going to the church he would very often step into the Sunday-school for a few minutes' refreshment among the children. It was like "drinking of the brook in the way," and it enabled him often to "lift up the head." Psalm cx. 7. It was from this brook also that he would sometimes gather "smooth stones" for piercing the brains of Philistine sinners in the upper room.

He enters his pulpit, not in flowing robes and with measured tread, to the swell of organ music, but in an unostentatious way, giving a smile and a kindly word to those that might be clustering around the door; then meekly passes up the aisle, and in a moment is with his head bowed in prayer at the desk.

In conducting the services, the first thing that impresses you, is unconsciousness of self, perfect simplicity, and solemn earnestness. He endeavored to give unity to all the parts of the service, directing every thing into the channel of the truth to be presented in the discourse. In reading the Scriptures, the passage would be short, and an occasional word of comment

would follow a verse that had impressed him on the moment with its richness or needed a ray of light thrown on its obscurity. His prayers were, to the last degree, child-like and ingenuous. They were very brief. We sometimes thought they were not comprehensive enough. They would not have gratified one who was fond of the æsthetic in worship. There were no eloquent addresses to the Deity, no rolling forth of sublime paragraphs. His sentences were short, plain, full of pith, and had a hungry tone. The subjects of his prayers were, at any one time, few. He was sometimes quaint, generally original, and seldom repeated himself. He seemed to be praying, not so much to the congregation, as to the Jehovah. I suppose the extreme simplicity and brevity of them resulted from his idea that God did not need to have things explained to him in fine rhetoric, and also that a congregation soon wearies in that exercise, and that it is useless for the preacher to go on with his prayer after the people have finished theirs. As the head of wheat bends lower as it ripens, he used, the latter part of his ministry, to kneel in the pulpit on all occasions.

In giving out the "notices," he would seem to a stranger far too lengthy. This was partly accounted for by the fact that the Lord's Day was only one of the seven days in which the Tenth Church were accus-

tomed to work and worship, and the plan of labor for the week had to be laid out on the Sunday morning.

The devotional service over, the pastor rises to preach. The meeting-house, spacious as it is, is filled, the young people chiefly crowding the galleries. As he stands before you, you at once feel that there is something in his presence to check frivolity and awaken reverence. He is short of stature, but perfectly masculine. A frame stout and muscular, fashioned and knit together for hard work.

His head is the most striking part of him. Soft, thin locks, tending to a curl, are brushed back from a brow broad and high, seeming to occupy more than its share of the face. That face, once round and smooth and rosy; then marked with the lines of care and "the pale cast of thought;" and then, for many years, lit up with a celestial peace and love! A massive face, brimming with expression all the time; but with features so exquisitely pliable, and in such perfect sympathy with the thoughts within, that every feeling, as it rises in his mind, sends its wave of expression over the face, though no word be uttered by the lips. His mouth is full, and capable, in its firm compression, of showing how immovable he could be in his sense of right, yet how often wreathed in gentlest smiles, how often quivering with tenderest emotion!

A hazel eye—not large—looks out from under heavy eyebrows, craggy and dark sometimes when the eye would flash; but oftener like moss-covered rocks, under which the same eyes would dilate and sparkle like fountains, and like fountains flow.

Altogether, as he stands there, he looks an unworldly man, and intent on good. He puts on his glasses to read his text, then lays them on the Bible and looks at his people. There is something more in that look than the embarrassed appearance of one who is anxious for approbation, something more than the awkward feeling of having to speak a piece and wishing it were over. Were he a soldier, you would say he meant fight; were he a merchant, that he meant business. As an ambassador of heaven, he evidently means, “I have a message from God unto thee.”*

As he introduces his theme and lays down the premises of his argument, he aims to be explicit, uses

* Said a noble young soldier, “Before I went to the war, I was by some strange instinct led to enter this church on a Fast-day. I took a seat in the back part of the building. It was the first time I ever saw our pastor, and his looks I shall ever remember. I went to the army, but *that face* was ever before me. I resolved that if I was ever spared to get home I would see it again. Attending the meetings of the Christian Commission, I became converted. Then I had the greater desire to get back to that church and that pastor; and I thank God that he has spared my life and permitted that good man to bury me in baptism.”

Saxon words, and seeks to be understood; and then, instead of gathering pretty shells around the shores of his subject, he plunges at once into its depths to bring up its hidden riches. He has a proclivity for getting at the roots of things; he evidently knows where to find the marrow and fatness of a doctrine, and where to find the chords in human hearts that he would make to vibrate. His manner in preaching was so varied that no one could fix on one occasion and give it as a standard. Sometimes very quiet, didactic, and deliberate; at other times springing full of impassioned sentiment into his subject, speaking rapidly and with vehemence; then at other times there would be the tender, persuasive tones full of pathos as the South wind's breath.

A frequent position with him was to lean with one arm on the desk, while, reaching over with the other upraised and looking steadily in the faces of the people, he would expostulate with them. His action, always spontaneous, would sometimes be almost tragic; as when, on one occasion, carried away by the intensity of his feelings, he fell upon his knees by the side of his desk, and stretching out his hands, continued to plead with sinners not to despise the mercies of God. He had the gift of tears also, but not as some. He did not "dissolve" in weeping. He was never so

powerfully moved as that his sensibilities entirely mastered him. You could see the fountains welling up into his eyes, his lips quivering; but at the same time the strong man battling with the torrent of his emotions, and conquering. Hence there was no impression of effeminacy, which creates a revulsion in the feelings of an audience, but of a manly tenderness, that would betray itself in spite of him. Sometimes his lips would seem to be touched with the celestial fire, and he would rise to a height of impassioned eloquence that held his audience spell-bound, a conscious quiver passing over them, as when a strong wind sweeps the bending tree-tops.

Impenitent men have told us how beneath his appeals they would shrink into themselves and spontaneously cover their faces for shame. It was not unusual for the congregation when dismissed to clasp hands in silent emotion, and with scarce a word depart to their homes, absorbed in self-examination, oppressed with awe.

But the most frequent and satisfactory evidences of his pulpit power were not in these emotional effects, which might be only the springing up of rootless seed on stony ground to wither in the heat of noon, but in the multitude of sincere penitents that would, during the week, flock to his house for counsel, or

appear in the Conference room to confess, that under the preaching of the Lord's Day they were stricken as with a sword of light, or that the winged arrow of truth from a vigorous bow had found its mark, and awaited the same hand that sped it so surely to gently draw it forth, and bind with healing balm a wounded heart.

But what was the secret of his power? We said, in the opening of this chapter, that the pulpit is the minister's cross and throne. It becomes his throne by being his cross. In some lowly sense, he is in this matter like his adorable Master.

All manifestations of God towards men are in self-sacrifice; and the life of Christ, which was but a part of the infinite life of God, was symbolized by the cross. It was from that cross he exercised a sovereignty over men's hearts that he could not have exercised had he not humbled himself unto death. It is when love finds no language but blood, that it becomes resistlessly eloquent. And he who will prevail with men from the pulpit, must first have died to self. Laying himself, talents, learning, ambitions, affections, all upon the altar of love to Christ, and to the souls of men; let him call down the Spirit's sacrificial flame to consume the offering; and then he becomes forever after a savor of life unto life to men, as well as a sweet savor unto God.

It is when men see the minister forgetful of self-interest, regardless of popularity, either for learning, eloquence, or wit, but ready to be nothing, that Christ may be all, and men may be saved; then they are moved—they are swayed—they surrender themselves to the sovereignty of such a spirit, as to a manifestly accredited priest of heaven. Thenceforth, the pulpit becomes a throne, and the utterances therefrom carry in them a power, compared with which there is no combination of mere mental forces that can move mankind.

It was from this cause, largely, though by no means exclusively, that Dr. Kennard's preaching was a power in the community. What he might have made as a pulpit orator,—in the elaborateness, the polish, the completeness, and rhetoric art which that term may imply,—had he been willing to deny himself to the multitudes, who monopolized his time and strength, we may never know. No one who studied the elements of his character, doubted that, had he devoted himself to the life of a student, he would have attained an exalted position in the ranks of the theologians and preachers whose names adorn the history of the church.

But adopting in its most comprehensive sense the sentiment of our Lord, "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister," he allowed the community and

the church to take complete possession of him, or rather he spread out the wings of his paternal solicitude and sympathy over all the weak, the suffering, and the dependent. He did not, however, lose his reward even in that direction in which he seemed to abandon it; for while his preparation for the pulpit was so limited and unsatisfying as compared with that of many of his colleagues, yet the feeling on the part of his hearers awakened by the sight of his self-sacrificing spirit, opened their hearts to receive his plainest and most inartistic utterances, with a deference and a spontaneous faith that is often denied to the most brilliant and elaborate sermons, the laborious structures of the many hours in which the man of God has excluded himself from the world. This, then, was one element of his pulpit power, the back-ground of *self-sacrifice*, on which his preaching rested, and the wealth of *love* that illumined it, and radiated from it.

Another element of power in his preaching was that structure and tone of his mind which I know not how to denominate but as genius.

To accomplish the work he did; to train up such a church; to govern them with an authority so gentle that it was scarcely perceived, and yet so entire that it was never disputed; to hold together for twenty-eight years such a congregation, notwithstanding the

multiplying of churches around him, with men of the noblest endowments in their pulpits,—something more was needed than a goodness and benevolence of character. His power was the energy of a thoroughly masculine intellect, working in harness with a sanctified and loving heart. He was primarily a *thinker*. Amidst the multitude of his cares, his mind was working like some piece of ponderous and never-ceasing mechanism. His methods of expression were not what is usually termed scholarly. He had a keen repugnance to pedantry. He was a most independent thinker. He read of modern books of theology and criticism, few. Doubtless, he went to an extreme in his want of enthusiasm for certain parts of modern religious literature. He loved his old standard friends, Gill and Fuller, Coles and Owen, Newton and Edwards. But he loved more, with Bible open before him, to think for himself. He dug his theology, therefore, out of the original mines; and it seemed, when interwoven with his preaching, to possess a singular richness and freshness every time it was enunciated, while it was happily free from those technical words on which the changes are rung so often in the pulpit, to the utter puzzling of the hearers.

His preaching, therefore, while not of the style called scholarly in its phraseology and method, was essen-

tially intellectual. His discourses, so far from being merely hortatory and emotional, always arose from and rested on a massive foundation of pure logic. They were eminently though not ostentatiously argumentative. This was especially the case with the doctrinal sermons that he so often preached. He did not waste the time and weary the brains of his people by raising and answering objections which would never otherwise have occurred to them; nor did he parade a dialectic skill in rehearsing the forensic disputes of dead men over a doctrine or practice. But by an original yet profound analysis of his subject, he stated in clear and comprehensible words the argument by which the doctrine or duty was established. By a brief, luminous, yet impregnable logic, he reached and convinced the judgments of his hearers, and then was prepared to carry the citadel of their hearts.


His hearers, therefore, knew, when they girded their minds to listen, that they were not going to be lost in a maze of rhetorical disputation, nor required to chase some *ignis fatuus* of modern interpretation; but to be brought by the most direct road to the granite foundations and structures of Christian faith. They understood that they were not being merely persuaded of a truth by the pathos of a good man, but that they were in the grasp of a wise and vigorous

mind,—a mind that was crippled by no sophistical doubts, but that held with unquestioning confidence truths which he had arrived at by years of patient study and vital experience.

Another element of his power was undoubtedly supernatural. He was full of the Holy Ghost, and spake as the Spirit gave him utterance. His faith in the presence and vitalizing aid of the Divine Spirit was intense. He cast himself with an unhesitating confidence on an infinite power, and expected that men would be moved by the preaching, when he consciously knew that blessed Spirit to be filling, irradiating, humbling, exalting his own soul,—and not otherwise. God was well pleased with the honor rendered him by such a faith; and, responding to the pantings of that soul, accepted him as a channel through which he would pour upon the minds and hearts of men his celestial light and renewing grace.

CHAPTER IV.

IN REVIVALS.

HE history of the ministry of Dr. Kennard was, in a signal manner, a history of revivals.

Two prominent ideas, which he constantly sought to realize, were a *spiritual church* and the *salvation of souls*. As he aimed at personal sanctity of heart and consecration of life himself, so he sought to lead his people to holiness, and sinners to Christ. It would be difficult to express, without the appearance of exaggeration, how these ideas were burned into the very heart of the man; how they consumed in their warmth and glory all secondary or selfish considerations. His soul rejected as trivial every thing that did not bear with manifest directness upon the attainment of this luminous ideal; and he counted a day lost that did not advance him toward its realization. It gave unity, tone, and coloring to all his sermons. If his theme was temperance, or fashionable amusements, the observance of the Lord's Day, or the moral

duties of citizenship, his predominant ideas would peep out and betray themselves; and the strongest motives were always drawn from the Cross and the soul's eternal needs. The primary cause, then, of his success, was, humanly speaking, this fervent zeal for the glory of the church in the rescue of imperilled souls. Like a deep under-current, or gulf stream, it was warming him, and moving him at all times in one direction.

It sometimes happens that the pastor's heart lacks the fervor of many members of his church. This could never be said of him. His people always felt the presence of their pastor's restless anxiety for a state of revival. He never gave them time to settle upon their lees. Unlike those who, after a season of refreshing, suspend their special exertions and rest upon their gathered sheaves, with him the existence of a revival only strengthened his conviction that this was the only normal, safe, and efficient state for a church; while it kindled to a still brighter glow his desire for its perpetuation. So far from taking it as a matter of course that these seasons of special interest should decline and pass away, he never could witness their waning without an anxiety amounting to agony.

His preaching in preparation for a revival was eminently doctrinal. He sought to lay a good foun-

dation in the intelligence of his hearers, believing that mere exciting appeals to their sensibilities must be but building upon the sand. He did not hesitate to array before them the doctrines most repulsive to the natural heart,—the divine sovereignty, eternal election, and predestination, the utter ruin of human nature, and the exceeding sinfulness of sin, our helpless dependence on the quickening Spirit, the majesty of law, and the hopelessness of self-righteousness. He took, with Edwards, God's side in the argument with sinners, laying all the guilt at their door; yet he could never end his most searching discourses, without, like Whitefield, melting with human compassion over condemned and imperilled man. He did not stand off and hurl rocks from Sinai upon the heads of men; but, while opening the depths of a sinner's corrupt heart to his view, and piercing his wound with the probe of the most pungent truth, he laid underneath him the gentle arm of a pitying surgeon; and his congregation went away, loving him though often hating themselves.

At the same time that he was appealing to the unconverted—especially in the evening service—he was plowing up the fallow ground of the church, by arraying before them the guilt and misery of backsliding, urging them to secret prayer, wooing them back to

their first love, and, by appeals of indescribable earnestness, setting before them the perils of their impenitent families and friends, and rolling upon them the responsibility of the final loss of souls.

Under some of these, which were delivered with an authority and faithfulness seldom attained in modern pulpits, or submitted to by modern congregations, but more resembling the style of a Baxter or a Massillon, the membership would be filled with profoundest awe, and the house become a "place of weeping," where all hearts were bowed before the Lord in childlike contrition. Often, after such a sermon, a day of fasting and humiliation would be appointed, and these were times on which he greatly set his heart. He literally observed fasting from food, denying himself everything but what was necessary to the sustaining of his strength for the labors of the day. Three services were held during the day, the tide of religious feeling rising steadily, until the evening meeting was often one of great heart humbling. Members of the church, both men and women, moved by one common impulse, would rise, and tearfully and ingenuously acknowledge their neglect of duty, invoke the forgiveness of God and his people, and express their fervent longings for a closer walk with God, and a revival of religion in the church. When the members were not

anxious for the souls of the impenitent around them, it was regarded as a sad sign of spiritual declension; and requests sent to the pulpit, the evening of the fast day, asking for prayers for dear relatives, marked the awaking to a new vigor.

The simple expression of some burdened heart—"My Father," "My Son," "My Sister,"—was understood and the petition offered. How like "the very house of God" did the place appear while intercessions rose, and answers came, even while they yet wrestled at the throne of grace!

Just here we recall such an incident. An old lady, well known for quaintness of speech, rose on one occasion, and said with broken voice, "Do pray for my old man!" The request was promptly responded to. On going home that night she found him walking the floor in a kind of sad bewilderment. "Father, what's the matter?" she asked.—"Matter? I don't know, but something has been done for me!"—"Why yes," she cried with childlike faith and joy, "we have all been praying for your soul." It was soon evident that God had speedily heard, for conviction of sin and converting grace came to that "old man's" heart.

In these revivals, some of those who became pillars in the church were made trophies of conquering grace as the direct answer to prayer. During the great

refreshing, in the year 1840, before referred to, a young wife, who with her husband had been wedded to the gaieties of the world, and had drunk to the full of the pleasures it could afford, was drawn by some mysterious influence to the revival meetings. Her eyes were opened to discover the emptiness of earth's "broken cisterns," and every evening she was found in the prayer room seeking the waters of life. Her husband became alarmed that she should be so interested, and said to her on one occasion when she was preparing to go where her heart found relief, "My dear Sarah, we can never be happy again. I see how it is to be. We have always walked one path till now; but a gulf is widening between us. If you go to church to-night, I shall go to the theatre."

Dismayed, but prompted by conscience to persevere, she went, lifting her burdened heart in prayer for him. On her return she found her husband at home; he had started for the purpose he had promised, but before he had gone many steps his sins had risen up before his face, and fear had taken hold upon him. He had walked the streets in mental anguish, till the time for her return, and now was ready to fall before the mercy seat and join his cries with hers for heaven's pity on him, a sinner. A few weeks after, they went down together into the waters of baptism, and sat together

at the communion table reflecting in each other's faces their new-found joy. They were soon among the most earnest workers in the vineyard.

Did the space and the object of this volume permit, narratives of thrilling incidents transpiring in these meetings might be greatly multiplied, abundantly testifying to the genuineness and thoroughness of the work, and to the glory of God's victorious grace.

In the beginning of the glorious refreshing in 1860, he wrote as follows to his son-in-law, under date of February 13th:

“MY DEAR ALFRED:—The Tenth Church is again blessed, or rather in the beginning of a blessed work. The World's Prayer Week was a great week with us, and it has been extended to the present time with increasing power. The work began, as was proper, in the hearts of the members; and, to use an old-fashioned word, such ‘breaking down’ of hearts—and hearts, too, where it was not looked for—I think I have not known for many years. A greater intensity of feeling than I witnessed in the same persons many years ago when first seeking Christ. The men and women have had meetings apart in private houses for mutual confession, and the effect has been such as any pastor might rejoice to see. J——, to my surprise,

was among the first deeply to feel and earnestly to act. He went from man to man, who had like himself stood back from duty, and exhorted them. He called a meeting of such at his own house, and it proved to be very powerful. They had another on last Thursday evening, which he led; and on Friday night he spoke in a very full meeting with deep effect. We have some thirty inquirers, but up to this time the work is not extensive among the unconverted."

Sometimes the indications given of the coming of reviving power would pass away fruitless, like blossoms smitten with frost. But generally there was a steady growth of religious interest, spreading through the church and extending among the unconverted. Then the lecture room, which was generally well filled, would begin to be crowded; the countenances of the members were lighted up with fires of zeal and looks of expectation, as when the "King in his beauty" is about to pass by, with all his shining train of angels; while a death-like solemnity pervaded the ranks of impenitent ones, who filled every seat and crowded into every standing-place in the rear of the room.

In the midst of a great revival, it was necessary to carry the meetings into the main audience room of the church. The exercises consisted generally of a short

sermon, preceded and followed by a series of prayers. Then the "anxious" were invited to come to the front seat, while the brethren were singing an appropriate hymn. Oh! that we could now record those words of affectionate entreaty from the pastor, to come, and by that act, declare that they were willing to approach

"That gracious King
Whose sceptre pardon gives;"

and those beseechings and warnings not to neglect these opportunities, nor harden their hearts; while with persuasive look and tone he would inquire,

"Will you to Mount Zion go?
Will you have this Christ or no?"

The response would awaken the deepest emotions, as among those who clustered round the pulpit would be seen here and there children of parents who had long labored and hoped for their conversion, and dear scholars taking this step toward the celestial city, to the joy of faithful teachers. How we should love to portray this dear "Evangelist" among his group of inquirers, so full of anxiety, that each should reach the "Wicket Gate!" We can see him now standing by some one specially distressed with a view of his sinfulness, and wafted again to us comes that hymn, as sung by his voice alone,

"Oh that my load of sin were gone!

Oh that I could at last submit,

At Jesus' feet to lay me down,

To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!"

As he passed from one to another of the group, meeting here and there with a happy, peaceful face, how quickly his own would glow with the joy of angels, as he would announce the birth of a soul into the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. Ah! memory treasures, what can only thus be gathered. But shall we not again behold the central figure in these scenes, with the redeemed ones around him as a halo? Is it not written, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever?"

The relation, before the church and congregation, of the experience of new converts drew crowds to the sanctuary. Christians were reminded of the time of their first love; and inquirers were cheered by hearing from those who had recently been seeking "the King's highway of holiness," how they had found it, and through this means were enabled to enter themselves; and careless ones, who came to observe, would leave the house of prayer, asking in their hearts, if it were not time for them to ponder the path of their feet.

The pastor had acknowledged talent for conducting these services. Happy in introducing the candidates

in succession, by referring to some fact in their history, or quoting a Scripture promise fulfilled; and, with the touch of a skilful player on an instrument, ready to apply the experience to the hearts of the hearers.

With what intense expectation would the Lord's Day be anticipated, especially if there was to be a baptism of those professing faith in Christ! How much the administrator enjoyed the privilege of leading converts in the steps of their divine Master! Then the communion would be a time of heavenly enjoyment, since the north wind and the south wind had blown upon the garden, and the spices sent forth their fragrance, inviting the beloved to come and partake with his people the feast of love.

The following record of perhaps the greatest of these revivals is contained in the church's letter to the Association in the autumn of 1840.

"The deep solemnity, the humble pleadings for mercy, the anxious inquiry of the awakened sinner, called forth the inspired expression, 'Surely the Lord is in this place!' * * The word of God was made effectual to us. The annual sermon to the youth, the first Sunday in the year, resulted in the conversion of more than a score of persons, and on other occasions similar results were witnessed. The divine influence, like a gentle river, continued to rise, embracing in its ex-

pansive course the aged and the young, the husband and wife, parents and children. At least one hundred and fifty heads of families have been made willing to follow Jesus.

“The means employed have been scriptural. No novel agencies, no laborious efforts to awaken feeling, no noise, no hurried admissions, were tolerated; nor were we favored with the attendance of any brother gifted in effecting reformatations. The stated administration of the ordinances has been remarkably blessed, and the pastoral office has been honored of God. Excepting occasional sermons from city pastors,—for which we were truly grateful, and which were not in vain,—we were alone; and yet not alone, for the Lord was with us. The pastor labored at his post, the church prayed without ceasing, and the Lord granted the increase. The doctrine of sovereign grace; the sinner’s entire depravity, and inability to help himself; the necessity of the renewing of the Divine Spirit; and the perfect righteousness of Christ,—were fully exhibited from the pulpit.

“The work has not been a sudden shower, but a deep flowing stream, rising by regular gradations for several months; and, having reached its height, almost imperceptibly declined. Our house still remains filled with attentive hearers, and converts are daily

coming to join in songs of redeeming love. We have visited the emblematic grave fifteen times, and baptized two hundred and fifty-seven persons."

Such was the constant outpouring of the Divine Spirit upon Dr. Kennard's labors, that, for many years, not a month passed but rejoicing converts were welcomed to the fold, and it became proverbial that "the Tenth Church was always in a revival." Nor were these conversions of that transient character which too often gives a sad distinction to times of special religious awakening. A brother minister, eminently qualified to judge impartially on this subject, says: "Considering the great numbers that from time to time have professed conversion under the labors of Dr. Kennard, and have been added to the church, no one of only moderate candor would wonder, should some have been self-deceived, or have deceived others, and, having no root in themselves, should, in time of temptation, fall away. But it might fairly be questioned, if, considering the very great number of persons brought in under his ministry, any Baptist, or other evangelical church, has been less afflicted than has the church of Dr. Kennard's charge by public scandals, or by apostasies from the cause of Christ. The success of Dr. Kennard—now become history—was great and real. And the question, 'How is it to

be accounted for?' is best answered by the words of the prophet: 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.' "

But his deep interest in revivals was not selfishly limited to his own flock. It was as broad as the world. He hailed with joy the news, come from what quarter it might, that showers of refreshing from on high were being enjoyed. He would report the tidings to his church, and call upon them to join in acclamations to God for it.

In reply to a letter from the writer, informing him of an extensive work of conversion among his own people in Bridgeton, in February, 1857, he wrote:

"MY DEAR SON:—Seldom, if ever, has a letter from your hand given so much joy as the one A—— received yesterday. To know that your health was good under the pressure of more than usual labors and anxieties, was pleasant news. But especially to learn that God is manifesting his favor to you in your new and important charge, sealing with his smile and the pouring forth of his Holy Spirit your relation to the church and congregation as a pastor, gives us great joy indeed.

"I stated the facts in your letter in meeting last evening, and many rejoiced greatly. Mrs. W. said, she knew it would be so. She, it seems, has been con-

stantly praying for you, and looked for an answer. I felt a special interest in your first baptism, that it might succeed.

“I bless God for that ‘youth’s meeting.’ By all means, appoint another, and follow the cloud of divine grace as it moves before you; only do not overtax your strength of body or mind. Take rest. Sleep and eat with regularity, and, above all, *pray in secret, daily, to be meek and lowly in heart.* Oh, my dear son, cherish in your heart the deepest sense of your unworthiness of the great mercy bestowed on you in every way. You know that even Paul was in danger of being exalted above measure, even by the divine goodness; and ‘a thorn in the flesh’ became needful.

“We shall all continue to pray for you daily. The blessed work with us is advancing gently. Not a meeting, that new cases of both awakening and of hope are not brought to my knowledge. I will not write particularly now. As I must close, I again charge you not to overtax mind or body. Get help; let your excellent brethren help; have prayer-meetings, and open them by a short exhortation. You will find them of great advantage. Write again very soon. Furnish us with the latest results, and the Lord prosper you greatly.

Your affectionate father,

“J. H. KENNARD.”

Again, only a few weeks before he was gathered as a "shock of wheat fully ripe" himself, he shows his deep interest in the harvest work on earth:

"Philadelphia, March 2, 1866.

"MY DEAR SON:—Your letter, bringing the news of your safe return, and the blessed work of grace sweetly progressing in your church, quite delighted me. I trust it will still progress, until very many may be converted. I have much confidence in your wisdom and prudence in conducting meetings at such a time; and your care not to baptize hastily, nor without due inquiry both as to character, and a true change. Oh, how much wisdom is needed at such a time as this!

"I hope you will not overtax your strength, but remember it will be needed after these special meetings have run their course. I am glad Brother De Witt Taylor is with you, and hope the visit may be a mutual blessing.

"There ought to be a notice of the work of grace sent to the 'Examiner.' It is for the glory of God, and will do the church good.

"I wish you to write me further about the work, and how you hold out; and do it soon, as it gives me so much joy. I baptized thirteen last Lord's Day, and it was a blessed day. Others are being made ready, I trust, by the Lord, and by him to be added to the church.

Your loving FATHER."

CHAPTER V.

IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM.

THE Conference and prayer-meetings of a church may always be regarded as the barometer that indicates the condition of its religious atmosphere—the pulse that reveals its spiritual vitality. A wise pastor will, therefore, regard that meeting with deepest interest, and endeavor to give to it a quality and efficiency that will lift it above the dullness and platitude which characterize too many church prayer-meetings. The conference room of the Tenth Church, has been from the very first a Bethel; and many times a Bochim. Those who incidentally visited it, and the veterans who made it their almost nightly resort, agree in saying, that a remarkable charm and power were found there.

The felt presence of the Spirit of the Most High was the primary, and efficient cause of this; but instrumentally it was due to the unction and tact of him who conducted its exercises. He made it a speciality

in his work. He could not endure a cold, stereotyped meeting. He believed such an occasion was a favorite opportunity for the enemy of the church to exert his deadening charms. He studied the best methods of infusing life and fervor into the service, without running into extravagance and fanaticism. He always endeavored to prepare his own heart for the service, for he thought it inevitable, that a cold and soulless manner on the leader's part would give tone to all the exercises.

He would generally come into the meeting with a heart kindled to a glow by closet devotions or by conversing with anxious inquirers, who frequently came to the house for a few words of advice and comfort on their way to the church. He made it a point to break up stiffness and routine; he conducted the meeting by no fixed methods; avoided, as far as possible, calling on any "leading brethren" by name to take part, preferring to leave it to the spontaneous impulse of each. It was in these meetings that he carefully sought to call out the talents of his members, encouraged the young converts to take part publicly, believing that, as a rule, the first few months of a young Christian's life decide his character. The result was that, in proportion to the membership, there was an unusually large number, on whom he could depend to exhort or pray when opportunity offered.

The later years of his life, he had the young men as they were brought into the fold to occupy seats together at his right hand, where together they might lift up their voices in praise, and strengthen each other in their early and timid efforts to engage audibly in the services.

He did not always give out the hymn, but encouraged the brethren to start "a familiar verse or two," which the whole congregation would know by heart and join in singing.

One of the young men, Brother Charles S., whose soul was as full of melody as his taste was accurate, was for years the leader of the service of song. Seeming to anticipate the pastor's thought, he was always ready with the appropriate verse or chorus to swell the tide of religious feeling or quicken holy emotion when it languished.

He sought to direct the exhortations and prayers to some specific object each evening; and was fond of bringing illustrations from the incidents of the day, both in the life of the city and the individual experiences of those he had visited, to point an exhortation, enforce a duty, or cheer the weary and heavy-laden. He made it a point also to attend the noon prayer-meeting, on Friday, that he might bring from it interesting facts for his own people.

His devotion to his conference meeting was absorbing. He could have truly said: "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." He never could be persuaded to be absent from it, when absolute duty did not call him away. We well remember an occasion when invited to meet, at the hospitable mansion of Geo. H. Stuart, Esq., that eminent missionary, Dr. Duff, together with several of the most distinguished ministers of the city. He sighed, when he read the pressing invitation, and said, that, "as it occurred on his meeting night, he must deny himself the pleasure." His children, knowing how rare and delightful an entertainment it would be, and how much he would enjoy meeting those great-hearted men, conspired to conquer by a protracted siege his opposition. For a while he stood firm. "It was not to be thought of, he *must* be at his prayer-meeting." Still we knew how great a self-denial it was, and how great the struggle; and we opened our united batteries of argument and persuasion, aided by twining arms and kisses, till at last his guns were silenced, he hauled down his flag, and went. The evening proved even more delightful than he or we had anticipated; one of these rare convocations of men congenial in the higher range of religious thought and experience, where representatives of different branches of the Christian church met to exchange

courtesies, and congratulations on the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom.

When he came home he related with delight the many interesting incidents of the evening, and with a child's wonder told how host and guests had vied with each other in showing him honor. Yet he anxiously inquired, how the prayer-meeting had got along without him; and when told triumphantly what a "good time" they had enjoyed, "Ah," he cried, "I ought to have been there! My children, never tempt me to stay away again for any cause!"

The members of the Tenth Church loved that conference room with an affection kindred to that of their pastor. It was to them what the bivouac and camp-fire are to the soldier. So constantly had it been made the scene of joyful refreshing, when

"Heaven came down, their souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy seat,"

that the very walls seemed written over with wondrous histories, and every seat brought some incident to mind that invested it with undying interest. The Angel of the divine presence never seemed to forsake the place; and, so far from coming up to it as to an irksome duty, they always expected a blessing, and seldom went away disappointed.

The pastor knew its power, and never ceased to em-

ploy it in strengthening their mutual affection, and building them up in their whole spiritual life. The effect was manifest. Their interest in each other, their desire to be mutually helpful, was peculiarly strong; no people sang oftener or with more sincerity,

“Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in mutual love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

“We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.”

At the close of the meeting, you did not see the room cleared in five minutes,—the people hastening out as if they had been “despatched,” and commanded to salute no man by the way. The pronouncing of the benediction was the signal for the beginning of a new meeting or of several. One little band would retire to the Bible-class room to pray with anxious inquirers; another group would cluster around the pastor to communicate and receive tidings about church work; another group were whispering together over some new enterprise on foot among the young people; others were collecting subscriptions for some poor person; others chatting merrily over individual interests;

while over all would be heard the voices of another company of a musical turn, who were off in a corner making themselves happy over some new revival melody. A half hour, an hour would sometimes run on in this way, till the patient old sexton would begin to put out the lights, one by one, and the lingerers would reluctantly leave just in time to escape being locked in.

How many forms now pass before the writer, of those—some of them among the white-robed—who once performed prominent parts in those blessed conference meetings!

There was Deacon W. with his honest English face quivering with emotion, and speaking, sometimes, with surprising eloquence—a man truly gifted; and Deacon R., small in stature, like Paul, but great in faith, and always in his place; and “in the Spirit” too. Captain P. a Christian gentleman, who seldom spoke without lauding his pastor, and intimating to sinners, that if they could not be converted under “*such preaching*” their case was hopeless. Then there was “happy Mrs. Wilson,” as every body called her, who was always “on Pisgah’s top;” and other honorable women, who nightly brought their “alabaster box of ointment very precious,” and poured it on the Saviour’s head,

till the fragrance filled all the house where we were sitting.

In one of the meetings, just before the close of the service, the pastor remarked, that there was yet opportunity for any brother who desired to speak his heart's experience.

Near the pulpit sat Mr. L——, one whom consumption had set its seal upon. His feeble, faltering steps had led him once more to the place and company he loved so much. As he rose, his frail body, supported by clinging to a pillar near him, his tremulous tones and gasping utterance, produced impressions never to be effaced from the memory. He said:

“If ever I have been converted, our pastor was the means; but when I clasp his hand in the Celestial City, I will say, ‘Saved by the grace of God.’ If permitted, I will be at the gates the first to welcome you. It has been about fifteen years since I was led to see myself a sinner. The holy law of God showed me my condition. I saw that his law was perfect; and the more I looked at its requirements the more I knew I was condemned. I thought, If I could live without sin for the rest of my days, what could I do with the past sins of my youth and riper years? They were in the book of God’s remembrance, and the law said, ‘Pay

me what thou owest.' While in this condition I saw in the distance, 'One hanging on a tree.' As I stood and gazed, the Saviour drew near, and I threw myself at the foot of the cross, and prayed that he would cover me with the robe of his righteousness. He heard my voice and cast it all around me.


"Since then I have had many changes in my experience. But now I have come to the dark river of death. I am going down its banks, and it looks so wide—and so dark,—and feels so cold,—I shrink back from it. But I think I see on the other side the Celestial City, and Jesus waiting to welcome me. O my dear unconverted friends, the river may be running nearer to your feet than you are aware! I am not old, and yet it is near me. It is so wide you cannot swim it." He closed his remarks amidst the tears and sobs of those who heard them.

The winter before Dr. Kennard died, a large number of the young from the Sunday-school were converted. One beautiful little boy of only five years, constantly attended the services with his mother; he was intelligent beyond his years; and his uncommon sensibility to religious truth, attracted the pastor's attention. The little boy had besought his mother to have prayer offered for him. One evening the pastor without any previous intention struck a fine

chord in the hearts of all present by an act, suggested by the impulse of the moment. After a solemn appeal to those who needed the prayers of God's people, to come forward to the front seat, to which there was no response, he quietly left the pulpit, went to the first pew, lifted the dear child in his arms, and held him while he rebuked their impenitence by a simple statement of the little one's sorrow for sin and desire for his heavenly Father's favor. Then solemnly placing him on the front seat, he said, "Let us pray for him." It was a master stroke, and reminded many who witnessed it of our Saviour's rebuke to his disciples, when he placed a child in their midst, saying, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

CHAPTER VI.

IN CHURCH TRAINING.

HE individual Christian does not come forth, like our first parents in Eden, a perfect nature in the day of his conversion; neither does the church, the temple of God, appear, like the palace of fairy land rising from the sea in full and magnificent proportions; columns, wall, dome, and adornments complete. The Christian is a growth from infancy; the Church is a development under training, from ignorance and weakness, from foundations and dim outlines, into height and breadth, into symmetry and strength. And a pastoral success is not genuine, nor permanent if it fails to carry out this divine plan.

Dr. Kennard had a reverence for the church. He studied with diligence the New Testament model. He believed that the Baptist church structure and government approached the nearest to that existing in the

apostolic times; and he sought to train his flock to fulfill the Christian ideal.

He rejected the idea of the ministry being a "profession." It was an imperative call from heaven, whose response was nothing less than the devotion of every power of a man's nature on the altar as a living sacrifice for the church's sake. He held high ground in regard to the dignity and responsibility of the pastoral office. He was indignant at the suggestion that the minister was only "a preaching brother;"—that when a church called a man, they simply "hired" his brains, or his wit to entertain them, rent their pews, and give eclat to their society. He was the Shepherd of a flock, the Bishop of the church, the Master of assemblies, a Father in Christ's family, yea he was God's Ambassador.

Pastors, in his view, were to be held "in high esteem for their work's sake;" the dignity and authority of the office not being derived from brilliancy of talents, or profoundness of learning, or popularity with the masses,—all of which would depend on individual opinion and taste; but from the Divine call and the fact of an entire sacrifice to the good of men.

Yet he was at the farthest remove from the character of an arbitrary dictator, "lording it over God's

heritage." He did not demand, but *inspired* reverence. As a wise master builder, he superintended and controlled all the operations of the church. Yet no man felt that his privileges or prerogatives were interfered with. He secured his object, not like the shrewd tactician, by a dexterous movement of men, as pawns on the chess-board, but by the weight of a judgment they had learned to trust. Though his will was, under Christ, always the governing law of the church, it was because it was a manifestly wise and loving and gentle will. He guided affairs with a muscular hand, but it was gloved in velvet, not mailed in steel. His people believed that he was the truest and most infallible friend they had on earth, and did their own highest pleasure in following him, even as they believed him to have found the footsteps of Jesus. Consequently, the name by which they always addressed him was "pastor;" and he loved to hear it, as they did to speak it.

His first aim was to "feed the flock." He knew that an ignorant and lean church could be of but little service in the world. He led his flock into the greenest pastures, and by the most life-giving streams, of the divine truth. No one ever knew him to entertain them with pyrotechnics, when he should have been giving them bread. He fed them much on strong

doctrine, believing it made spiritual bone and sinew. Every little while, especially after a season of a great ingathering, he would preach a course of doctrinal sermons.

The announcement of such a course was always hailed with gratification by the people, for he excelled in the treatment of the grand foundations of Christian faith, especially in their practical and experimental bearings.

The idea of bringing the whole church into a Bible school was a favorite one with him. At several different periods he formed a congregational Bible class, sometimes on the Sunday afternoon, and sometimes on an evening of the week. The questions were printed, and distributed beforehand among the people. One series of lessons, on the Titles of Christ, running through a long period and developing much of the preciousness of the plan of salvation, is especially remembered. The main audience room would be filled on Sunday afternoons with those who participated in the discussions. These exercises resulted in eliciting thought and developing the working talent of the church.

His next endeavor was to draw out their energies in healthful and beneficent industry. The idea of setting all the members of a church to work is a fami-

liar one in our day, but in the early part of his ministry it was a novelty.

He was one of the first among his contemporaries to appreciate the value of the lay element in the direct work of saving souls and carrying on mission enterprises. He looked upon a gospel church, not as a society for mutual enjoyment, or mutual admiration, but as a spiritual mechanism for spreading the kingdom of Christ. His advanced views will appear the more remarkable, when it is remembered that at the time he began his ministry the Baptist denomination was to a large extent leavened with hyper-calvinism; regarding the church very much in the light of Noah's family, shut up by divine *sovereignty* in the ark, and not permitted to launch a skiff or throw out even a plank to save a drowning world. With this idea of finding something for all his members to do, he would call meetings to consult with them; lay out plans; organize committees on visiting the poor, tract distributing, household prayer-meetings, mission Sunday-schools, and stations for lay preaching.

Walking along the streets of Kensington, he sees a church advertised for sale, and immediately says, "There I will have a mission to these swarming inhabitants." The next week the house is engaged, and a delegation of his members at work. Again, passing

up a street in Spring Garden, he sees a building just being finished, with a fine hall in the second story, and no church near. "This," he says, "will be a grand field for a Sunday-school." The next Lord's Day a meeting is held there, and thirty of his young people organized for work. He is called to a house of sickness and poverty; all around are the ignorant and neglected; in a few days he has commissioned a half-dozen of his members to hold weekly a prayer-meeting there. And thus it was through all the years.

With a view to enlist and maintain the interest of the church in these various enterprises, he established what he called "Spiritual Church Meetings," as distinguished from the business meetings. They were held once in three months on a Sunday afternoon. A large congregation assembled, reports were read from various mission schools, church Ministerial Education Society, Tract Society, visitation of the poor, &c., &c. These were meetings full of interest and edification.

With equal earnestness he sought to develop a benevolent spirit in the hearts of his members; and having an impression that example lends an emphasis to precept, he was accustomed to give to every charitable object with a spontaneous liberality that often

embarrassed him when his income was very limited. Probably none in the church gave more, in proportion to their means; if, perhaps we may except *one*, and she—his wife.

He was ingenious in devising methods to stimulate their benevolence—when one plan had exhausted its novelty, adopting another; appealing to every right motive, but dwelling chiefly on the fact that they were not their own, but bought with a price; and themselves and their all, a debt due to Christ and his cause in the world.

Another feature of his church training was his care for the children. While he “led his flock like a shepherd, he gathered the lambs in his arms, and carried them in his bosom.”

At the time when Dr. Kennard began his ministry, and for years after, there was comparatively little enthusiasm for the conversion of children. Sunday-schools were but in their infancy, and in many minds there was little confidence in the movement that was beginning to manifest itself, seeking to bring the very young to Jesus. It was not doubted that a child could be converted; for they had illustrations of the fact; but it was regarded as a rare phenomenon, and eyed with considerable suspicion. Dr. Kennard had from the beginning of his work an enthusiastic belief

that we could not begin too early the direct effort to draw the children into the spiritual fold.

Consequently his relations to the Sunday-school were intimate. His heart, ever young notwithstanding the constant pressure of care, went out toward the little ones of the flock with peculiar tenderness. The children in their homes welcomed his visits; and in the Sunday-school the Superintendent always expected to see him for a brief season one part of the day. And, oh, how welcome his dear form was, as with benignant face he walked up the aisle, the children's faces brightening as though a sunbeam were passing over them!

In his addresses to them, he dealt very little in entertaining anecdotes illustrating the general principles of morality, nor had he the superior talent which distinguishes some men in talking with the young. His addresses were generally of a very serious tone, but there was a heart of love in them, that enchained the attention even of the infant scholars. He appealed much to their conscience and intelligence, and aimed to bring them directly to repentance, faith, and submission to Christ.

At times he would appoint meetings for all the children who were willing to converse on the subject of their salvation. Many attended, chiefly because

they would not disappoint their pastor ; but such occasions seldom passed away without the awakening and conversion of some of the dear youths.

At one time our mother's attention was drawn to the fact that a large number of the sons and daughters of the members were growing up in worldliness. She and our father often talked and prayed over the fact, and she at length drew up a list of the names of those over fourteen years, amounting to about one hundred. He brought this list before the church at the communion table, and in an address that will never be forgotten, entreated them to join with him in special intercessions for their conversion. The hearts of their parents were deeply affected; and, doubtless, while in the pastor's house prayer was poured forth, in the closet and at the family altar, many a home witnessed an unusual fervency and solicitude for the youths and maidens there. Soon there was manifest a deep feeling among them. One after another came forward to seek their Saviour; and, although some remained unmoved and are still strangers to God, a large number have since been gathered into the bosom of the church. As each one was converted to God, a note of it was made in his diary opposite to the parent's name. That list is still preserved in the family.

Two years before his death, in connection with the

Superintendent, a meeting was established on one of the evenings of the week for the special benefit of the youth of the Sunday-school. The exercises consisted of singing choice hymns and choruses, led by the Superintendent; and an address by the pastor, with occasional prayers and remarks from others. This meeting was an especial delight to him. "A glorious meeting of the youth,—very large," he would record in his diary.

Equally happy was he on festival and anniversary occasions of the school. Those were great events in the Tenth Church. The classes, coming in with their banners and smiling faces, filled the lower part of the house nearly to the walls; the "Infant School," numbering sometimes nearly two hundred, arranged on the platform and pulpit. The pastor in the midst, overflowing with satisfaction, as he listened to their voices swelling in the hymn, or stood up to receive their missionary offerings, enclosed in some beautiful emblem. Never off his guard, he was singularly happy in his responses. The appropriate word always ready, the bright, witty allusion, the quaint suggestion, the affectionate expression beaming in his face, those children will remember when they are gray-browed patriarchs.

In watching over the religious growth of young converts, he kept in view the raising up of ministers of

the gospel. He anticipated that among the young men brought in, the Spirit of God would lead some into the work of preaching the word. He gave them to understand this in his early conversations with them; and when he saw any one of them indicating a strong desire to consecrate himself to this great work, he fostered and directed the impulse. With him the presumption was in favor of such a one being called. He watched the young man's efforts in the meetings, his prayers, his exhortations; and, if he saw evidences of mental qualities that would adapt him to the work of preaching, would encourage him to go forward in preparing himself for his mission.

Yet he never failed, with wise discrimination, to impress upon such the nature of a divine call as distinguished from a transient enthusiasm, and to urge them to a prayerful examination of their motives in desiring the office of a bishop. He would "lay hands suddenly on no man." However brilliant the talents; however strong the ambition; however high the social position; however complete the intellectual culture,—he imperatively required that the candidate should have the lowly spirit of the Saviour, zeal for the glory of God, aptness to teach, and burning love for souls.

His interest in students for the ministry during the trials of college life was peculiarly deep; and extended,

not only to those of his own church, but to others. Some of these latter will look back with pleasure to their visit from Rochester, Hamilton, Newton, and Lewisburg, to the Missionary Jubilee meetings in Philadelphia, in 1864. The large numbers of delegates attending being beyond the accommodations provided, the students were likely to be neglected. The idea occurred to him of entertaining these young brethren in the church. About forty accepted the invitation. Comfortable couches were spread for them—pew cushions being used for mattresses—on the platform, in the choir, and in the pews. For their meals, tables were spread in the rooms below. The ladies of the church cordially seconding the pastor's ideas, were busy all the week providing every comfort, and the church presented a scene of pleasant animation. The pastor was in his element. As young as the youngest of them in his feelings, he yet felt the vast responsibility of making every one happy. Not a bed was improvised, nor a meal served, but he must see that it was well done. He never left them at night till they were comfortably housed, and was up bright and early, ringing them up with a big bell, anxious to know how they had rested, and to lead them in "family worship."

It was one of the happiest weeks of his life. And

as to the students—they all fell in love with him. Nor will any of them ever forget that farewell meeting, when, in response to the expressions of their gratitude, he gave them those words of affectionate counsel, and dismissed them with a patriarch's blessing.

The same love for the students caused him to keep up a constant correspondence with them while at college, advising them as to their religious life and the preparation of the heart so essential to their anticipated work. He was ever devising means to meet their financial wants, which was no trifling task when there would be three or four at the same time at the University. He anticipated the time of their return at vacation; received them with open arms; and would have them at once into the prayer-meeting to "exercise their gifts."

In such a genial soil as the "Tenth Church," ministerial gifts were soon made manifest, and there has probably never been a time for twenty-five years when one or more of the members were not preparing to preach the gospel of the glory of God.

There have been in all twenty-five young men licensed to preach from under his ministry, all but ten of whom were from the Tenth Church. Some of them are now occupying influential positions in the denomination, and have been very successful in winning souls to Christ.

How much they were led to desire that work by the attractiveness of the example they saw continually before them, we may not know; certainly their characters received a marked impress from the traits that were so conspicuous in him.

Dr. Kennard's ideas in regard to ministerial education have been by many misunderstood. He heartily believed in a thorough training for a work so important as that of guiding Christ's flock and winning souls to heaven. But he objected to the system which required every man, whatever his age, opportunities, talents, or adaptations, to go through the same course of six or eight years in academy, college, and theological seminary. He believed some men were called of God to be the scholars and theological professors of the church—men whose mental structure and affinities pointed them out as the intellectual athletes, who were to contend in the high places of literature for the doctrines of the church. And these he would have, not only to pass through the full course of university training, but devote themselves to life-long studies, and instruction by word and pen, in that particular department. But he objected to putting men through the same course, whose intellectual traits and manifest affinities marked them out as preachers of the gospel to the masses of men who are dying for the bread of life.

Independent of theory upon the subject, he accepted the well known fact, that while a full course of classical studies may make keener intellects in some, it only dries up the heart, and cripples the spontaneous energy of others, whom a different discipline would have made mighty men of God in the conversion of souls.

He protested against that indiscriminate cry of late years, for only a scholastically learned ministry, as discouraging to a large class of most worthy men, who cannot avail themselves of a full university course, but who after two or three years' study of the more essential elements of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology would do quite as efficient service in their sphere, as others with double that amount of university drill. He was solemnly impressed with the saying of our Master:—"The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few;" and he could not endure to see so many men puzzling their unmetaphysical brains over the dialectics of Aristotle, or the conversations of Greek gods, or the problems of Differential Calculus, when the whitened harvest was perishing, and they ought to be preaching to some congregation of hungry sinners, the "unsearchable riches of Christ."

His views in this respect were regarded by some of his contemporaries as scarcely abreast of the age, and

even prejudicial to the cause of ministerial education. It is a noticeable fact, however, that similar views have come to be entertained by many of the most eminent educators of recent times. A radical revolution has commenced in regard to the whole system of education, which bids fair to overturn classical and pure mathematical studies from the supremacy they have too long held, and subordinate them to the more essential acquisition of practical science, as applied to real life.*

He rejoiced in the position that Dr. Wayland took upon this, and kindred subjects. The following correspondence took place between them on the appearance of the little work, "The Ministry of the Gospel."

"Philada., October 29th, 1863.

"REV. F. WAYLAND, D.D.: DEAR SIR:—I have read your letters on the 'ministry of the gospel' with the deepest interest. On closing the book I gave thanks to the adorable Head of the church that your attention had been called to the subject, by that holy man of God, Deacon Lincoln, and that you had written in a fearless, gentle spirit. The book cannot fail to do good.

*Such a revolution is foreshadowed by works like those of Herbert Spencer, on "Education;" "Culture demanded by Modern Life," by Prof. Youmans; and the writings of Profs. Tyndall, Faraday, Whewell, and others.

“You do not over-rate the sad and growing departure of our church and ministry from the simplicity of the New Testament churches, and their primitive Christ-like ministers.

“The sentiments so well expressed in your letters are not new to me. For forty years I have aimed to live and labor in accordance with the views you so ably maintain. I commenced preaching very young, without the advantages of a liberal education. I felt the need, but had not the opportunity. This led me more earnestly to read and pray over the word of God, and to depend on the Master’s promised aid. With the simplicity of a child, I believed he would help me, and he hath helped me.

“To encourage my brethren to abound in labors, I read to them from your book, and they were much pleased with the agreement between our course and the views you hold in respect to the character and work of a gospel church.

“Your plan of outpost labor and systematic visitation has been ours from the first, and the churches planted were all outposts and Sunday-schools at first.

“Forgive, dear sir, what seems like too great freedom in one almost a stranger.

“Yours very respectfully and affectionately,

“JOSEPH H. KENNARD.”

This letter, Dr. Wayland received with great pleasure, and promptly answered it.

“Providence, Nov. 7th, 1863.

“MY DEAR BROTHER:—Your letter reached me this evening. I expect to be absent from home on Monday, and I do not like to write letters on the Lord’s Day, so I answer it immediately.

“Your letter was to me as cold water to a thirsty soul. If I know my heart, I wrote from a sense of duty. It is a great comfort to me that you think it truly needful, and written in a Christian spirit. My brother, when I hear the gospel of the Son of God spoken of, as a means of a good and genteel living, as a stepping-stone to worldly honor, I am shocked.

“May it please the Holy Spirit to use it, in recalling the ambassadors of him, who took upon himself the form of a servant, to a true view of their responsibility.

“The progress of your church and the course that you have pursued, is an evidence that I did not err in my views; but that the opinions I have suggested are according to the word of God. And, as you have written with brotherly confidence, I will do the same to you. When I wrote what I did of men, whom God had blessed and made his chosen instruments of saving souls, you yourself were continually in my mind; so

much so that, if I had been called upon in private to say who was thus preaching Christ ; if I had answered, I should have named you first of all.

“So my brother let us labor together. I see the state of things, and I am tried with the question, What can I do to improve it? Let us labor and pray together, and do whatever the Master shall direct in his own time ; and, some time or other, good will come of it, and his name be glorified,

“Believe me, yours truly,

“F. WAYLAND.”

The following letter is added, not only as a specimen of a number received by him at different times illustrating the esteem in which he was held as a pastor by others, but because the plan referred to by the young brother is one that he greatly favored as a part of the education of men for the ministry :

DEAR SIR:—“I take the liberty, although a stranger to you personally, of making a few inquiries on some matters of interest and importance to myself. I am a young Baptist minister, of limited experience ; and I wish to spend some time where I can profit by the counsels and experience of older ministers, and especially such as have been eminently successful in the work of the preacher and pastor,—a course recommended by the Professors of Rochester Theological Seminary.

"I have completed a full course at Madison University, and the above named Seminary, and have been laboring one year since in Ohio. The Lord has granted me far greater success than I had reason to expect. One hundred have been added to the churches where I have been preaching; but I have felt that I needed to learn many things that could not be gained in the Seminary or alone in ministerial labors. I have known for several years of your success as a pastor, and I have wished to avail myself of certain advantages which I might obtain by laboring for a time under your supervision. Is there any way that I could accomplish this end? I am very anxious to do so, if it appears to you practicable. Is there not some part of the city where labor is needed, and where you might start a little interest, and allow me to occupy it in the manner that used to prevail some twenty-five or thirty years ago?"

"Yours truly,"

Nor did he forget the young men after they had fully entered upon their ministry, but ever showed a special desire to favor them on public occasions. "On entering upon the pastorate of Sansom Street Church in 1835," says Dr. Gillette, "your honored father was among the foremost to give me welcome advice and aid, and to cheer me in my arduous and responsible

position. We soon exchanged services, and from the hour of my knowing him till 1852, when I left for New York, he proved himself my real friend. Indeed, he was in an eminent degree the friend, encourager, and shield of young men, especially such as were entering the ministry."

In the exercise of discipline in the church, Dr. Kennard was cautious, pains-taking, and compassionate, yet unflinching in maintaining the purity of the church. He used often to say, that the principal part of discipline should consist in encouraging the weak, correcting the errors of the ignorant, expostulating with the wayward, and restoring the wanderers. He sought to guard on the one hand against neglecting those who were out of the way, and on the other against too hastily cutting them off. To the end of specially looking after this class of members he conceived the idea of a "Discipline Committee," consisting of the deacons and a number of judicious men, whose especial business it was to aid him in this oversight of the flock. The idea was new at the time when he inaugurated his plan, and was thought by some of his contemporaries a tendency to Presbyterial customs; but it has come to be adopted by a large number of churches with salutary effect. The following letter will illustrate his spirit, and his method of seeking to restore the wandering.

“MY DEAR YOUNG BROTHER:—With sorrow of heart I have beheld your falling away in your religious duties. * * * * * My dear brother, have you forgotten how happy you were when the Lord called you in the Sunday-school, when you were baptized, and for years after you joined the church? Surely no unbeliever can make you doubt that you were happy in the service and greatly beloved in the church of Christ? Impossible! Oh, then, forsake any company or amusement, the effect of which is to lead you from your Saviour!

“Your dear mother is filled with anxiety for the son she loves. I have seen her tears for you.

“Dear C., let me entreat you to return at once to duty in the closet and in the church. There are few I have loved so much as yourself, and I love you still. Come and see me. Let me talk with you. I have always been your friend. Call on me soon, very soon.

“Your Affectionate Pastor,

“J. H. K.”

“*April* 19th, 1848.

One of the most difficult things in church government is the discipline of persons holding conspicuous positions, and having a corresponding influence. But one such case occurred during his ministry in the

Tenth Church. It was a time of intense excitement. It caused him many a sleepless night; yet he maintained that beautiful poise which made him a restful centre amid the storm. On the one hand, he was manifestly anxious to save the erring; and on the other, fixed in his purpose to require repentance and confession. As a skillful helmsman he brought the good ship through the breakers with only a little lightening of her cargo, and received the following tribute from the entire church, through a committee of their appointment.

“BELOVED BRETHREN:—It is with no ordinary feelings your committee enter on the duty assigned them at your late meeting. If we have a just view of our appointment, it is, to submit what we believe to be the sentiment of the church towards her pastor.

“Brethren, this church has had but one pastor. Through his labors, who is now over us in the Lord, this vine was planted, midst hopes and fears, and by him watered, midst prayers and toils, whilst the Lord hath given us great increase.

“As a church we have been called to pass through a fiery trial, the severity of which our pastor has more particularly felt in consequence of his official station. We believe an expression is due our pastor

from the church, that she holds him in the highest affection and estimation for his work's sake, as a pastor and minister of the new covenant. And, furthermore, we believe it is the will of the Great Head of the church, that he should continue to break unto us the bread of life and administer the word as the Lord shall give ability; and we are happy in the thought that we have the voice of the entire church, and we may say of the congregation also, who ever hang on the word as it falls from his lips, and listen to the instruction in righteousness, with the abiding impression that he seeks their best interests.

“As a church, we have reason to humble ourselves before the Lord, on account of our many sins and delinquencies in the midst of so many blessings.

“We feel that we are under great obligations to consecrate ourselves, individually, soul and body, to the service of God; and that we should unitedly come up to the help of the Lord, and sustain our beloved pastor by our presence, our efforts, and our prayers. We would recommend the following resolutions:

“*Resolved*, That we sympathize with our pastor, in the trials and cares which have recently oppressed his mind, in more than an ordinary degree, and will extend to him our co-operation in every department of his responsible duties and station.

“Resolved, That it is expedient to observe a season of fasting and prayer, that the Lord may graciously pardon our sins, and revive his work in our midst, and thus restore unto us the joys of his salvation.

“THOMAS WHITE,

“EDWARD BANISTER,

“HENRY C. HARRISON.”

It may be remarked that a gracious God showed his approval of the course that had been pursued, by immediately pouring upon the church his reviving influence; and a most blessed season of refreshing and conversion ensued.

The history of the Tenth Church has been eminently distinguished for peace, unity, and brotherly kindness. Its members were always extremely reluctant to withdraw from it, even when distance rendered it expedient; and in those cases where colonies went forth to set up the standard in other places, they showed their feeling to be, not that of dissatisfaction or alienation, but a sense of imperative duty alone. The Kensington Colony wrote thus to the mother church in asking a letter of dismission.

“We do not this from any diminution of attachment to our pastor, whom we love as our spiritual father; or to the brethren, to whom we feel bound by a thou-

sand tender ties; but we believe that we are required by the great Head of the church to labor for the salvation of our fellow-men, and, when Providence indicates duty, to make sacrifices of feeling and of personal convenience, for the general interests of the kingdom of Christ."

Those who severed their connection to form what is now called the Broad Street Church left with these affecting words:

"We leave an affectionate brotherhood, who unitedly and statedly serve the living God. We leave a godly and affectionate pastor, who has faithfully distributed unto us the truth as it is in Jesus. We leave an attractive and commodious house of prayer, where we have oftentimes met with Jesus. But, though we may have a stone pillow for our weary heads, we will endeavor to climb up Jacob's ladder, and see what the Lord will work for us."

Similar sentiments were expressed by those who formed the Spring Garden Church,* and the others, and were heartily reciprocated by those who remained in the old homestead.

* In reference to the formation of this church he wrote to us: "The work of colonizing goes on slowly; few can be induced at the last to sever their connection with 'home;' but I am going to hold a meeting to-night, in the church on Thirteenth street, and hope to persuade others to give in their names."

In conclusion, we may remark, that perhaps no fact proves more clearly the character of a church's training than its condition after the pastor of many years has been called away. There are some churches that appear to flourish and increase in numbers, but to be built up around the minister, rather than around the cross; and when he is removed they crumble away. And there were some who looked on when the pastor of the Tenth Church fell, and predicted that his large membership would be scattered. The result has not justified their fears. As a wise master-builder, he had founded those living stones, not upon himself, but on the "Chief Corner-stone;" and the whole building was "fitly framed together and compacted," so that, though trembling in every part beneath the shock that it suffered in his death, it stood firmly, lovingly united. Its devotional meetings have been fully attended, and all the spiritual forces of the church have performed healthfully their respective functions; and its members solemnly girded themselves to maintain and advance that cause to which their beloved pastor consecrated his life, as the noblest tribute they can render to his memory.

CHAPTER VII.

IN PUBLIC RELATIONS.

WHILE devoting his life supremely to the work of his own church, Dr. Kennard was intimately connected with all the general denominational interests. His early relation to the STATE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION has been already referred to.

The report of the society for 1866 says of him: "Dr. Kennard was deeply interested in all the operations of this Convention, he was one of its fathers; was instrumental in its organization; was its first General Agent, traversing the bounds of the Philadelphia Association, and awakening the churches to interest in its behalf. Up to the day of his death, he served as a member of its Board of Managers, being deeply engaged in all that related to the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom throughout the state. * * He fell at his post with his harness on." * *

With the PHILADELPHIA ASSOCIATION he was iden-

tified from a very early period of his ministry. In 1819, he was commissioned to that body as a representative of the Delaware Association; and, in 1821, from the New Jersey Association. On the Wednesday evening of the session, the five Baptist churches then in Philadelphia, were all opened, and ministers from a distance were invited to preach in each of them. The fame of the youthful herald had gone before him, and he was sought for to preach in the New Market Street Church. He took for his text on that occasion Ps. 80: 19, "Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts, cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved." This was probably, the first sermon he preached in Philadelphia. In 1823, he attended the Association as a delegate from the Blockley Church, of which he was then pastor. "From that time," says one of the clerks, "till his death, he was present at *every* session of that body, and at every session took some prominent part."

His first sermon before the Association was in 1830, from Isaiah 2: 2, "And it shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it." His last, was preached in 1864, being the "Doctrinal Sermon" on "The Full Assurance of Hope."

His interest in the meetings of the Association was ever warm. He anticipated their approach with mingled delight and anxiety. His church was open more frequently than any other for the entertainment of the body; and among no people were they received with more Christian cordiality. He ever made it his care to preserve the harmony and spirituality of the meetings. Special prayer would be offered in his church, the week previous to the session, that the occasion might be one of refreshment and edification to all. We observed also that he was engaged with special earnestness in his private devotions as the day would approach, and in the family prayers during the session his soul would pour out touching appeals for the Spirit's presence.

In all his intercourse with his brethren during the meeting there would be manifest a smiling benignity, an anxiety to promote each one's enjoyment, and to accomplish solid results for the spread of Christ's work with the least expense of debate. Probably no one man in that large body could carry more influence by a few well-timed words of fraternal counsel. But it was in the devotional meetings he took the greatest delight; and especially in the last meeting of the session.

It was a cherished object with him to preserve the

original design of the Association—to hear reports of revivals of religion, and to stir up the hearts of the delegates by mutual exhortation. In the great enlargement of the body, and the consequent multiplication of the details of business, this was liable to be thrust into a corner. In order to secure a specific time for it, therefore, he conceived the idea of devoting the last evening of the session exclusively to a devotional “Conference Meeting,” where each might be free to relate his experiences of special grace or breathe yearnings for a closer walk; and where, too, the impenitent attending might be exhorted, and special prayer be offered for the churches represented and the one with which they met.

The proposition so characteristic of its author was heartily responded to, and from that time the Conference Meeting has been the most blessed feature of the Association. The number attending is greater than can get within the doors; while, as one after another of the brethren pour forth their ingenuous utterances and fervent supplications, all hearts flow together, many eyes stream with tears, many careless ones feel that it is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven, warmer love is kindled; and as they bid farewell, each goes home expecting a greater work of grace.

In speaking of the 153d session, held with the Sansom Street Church, in 1860, the clerk, H. G. Jones, Esq., says, "The exercises were of an exceedingly interesting character; and as the Fifth Church were about to remove from the old meeting-house to their new location at the corner of Eighteenth and Spring Garden Streets, the brethren who had long been accustomed to meet in Sansom Street, felt that this was the last time that they would ever assemble as an Association on a spot which was hallowed by so many sacred memories. As is well known, there was a deep religious feeling throughout the entire country, and Daily Union Prayer meetings were being held in all the large cities.

"Dr. Kennard was one of those who had always attended these meetings, and his earnest desire to see Christians united in their efforts, induced him to offer a resolution which, with some changes, had been adopted. He had taken a deep interest in this session and as the time approached for the usual Conference Meeting on Thursday night, his soul became deeply exercised. He had that evening special engagements; but he could not leave the place; and as one after another arose to speak he remained to hear.

"After remarks by Brother Brantly the Moderator, Konrad A. Fleischman, and several others, Dr. Kennard arose and said:

“‘Brother Moderator, I am obliged to leave. I ought to have left some time ago, but I could not while dear Brother Fleischman was pouring out his heart, and filling our hearts with grateful emotions. I cannot leave, according to our rules, without asking your permission; and more than that I do not want to leave until I say “farewell” to this beloved Association, at least for one year. I want to speak a word to the beloved church largely represented here, and usually meeting in this place; as this will probably be the last opportunity I shall ever have of speaking similar words here. In less than a month, I suppose this dear church will vacate these pews forever, and we know not the destiny of this house of God. My thoughts have gone back to the first scenes I witnessed in this house; to the time when this floor was one story below us, and there stood a great wide-spread pulpit. Well do I remember being among the first of those occupying a seat in that pulpit, when twenty-two ministers sat there, with Spencer H. Cone in the midst of them, preaching to an amazing crowd, not only in the building, but also in the street, from the text, *‘And these are the men who shew unto us the way of salvation.’* And, sir, I recollect in 1820, how many venerable men of God met in the Second Triennial Convention of our Foreign Missionary Society.

How well I remember a preacher who stood, where you stand now, and preached from the words, '*O Lord, revive thy work.*' I think I can say without misrepresentation that that sermon was daguerreotyped on my very soul. I remember Luther Rice, standing there and speaking for two hours, on the great cause of Missions, that had just engaged the attention of Baptists.

"But, sir, I must not indulge in these reminiscences. Though I feel that I am still a young man—and I am not an old one—only myself remains of the twenty-two ministers, with whom I sat at the time alluded to. Brother Joseph Matthias, Brother Horatio G. Jones, the father of my beloved brother, the clerk of this Association, and others were there, but they have now all gone to their rest. It seems to me, my dear brethren, it would make heaven sweeter if I could get among them again.

"Brethren, it is scarcely possible that all of us will meet again with this Association. I hope to be with you next year, but I may be in the grave. If we do not all meet below, shall we all meet above? Ministers! saints! people of God!—say sinner, shall we meet thee above?

"Brethren and sisters of this church, I sympathize with you, and I feel the strongest sense of responsi-

bility coming over my soul when I think of your removal. I feel as if I was a member with you in the responsible movement to Green Hill. We have reason to believe that when you remove to that place, you will have the people crowding in, and that many precious hearts may be brought to the Saviour. I pray God that it may be so.' "

Dr. Kennard was one of the earliest and warmest friends of the

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY.

When it was formed under the name of the Baptist General Tract Society, he had but just entered on his pastoral work.

Dr. Gillette, in an interesting letter, speaks of him as connected with the Society as early as 1834. "On becoming a member of the Tract Society's Board, I found J. H. Kennard among its foremost promoters and influential counsellors, never absent without good cause, ever encouraging those who were hesitant, and ready, as he and his church were able, to enlarge its means of usefulness.

"He had been familiar with its origin in Washington, D. C., and co-operated in its removal to Philadelphia, and stood prominent with its first agent, Noah Davis, and his earliest coadjutors, Samuel Cornelius, Wm. E. Ashton, Drs. Staughton, Brantly, and Dagg,

Gen. Duncan, R. W. Cushman, J. B. Trevor, Dr. Jewell, and others who loved it and did all they could to prepare it for that potent agency for usefulness, which it has now so happily and gloriously attained.

“On religious and benevolent Boards, in committees, and in personal intercourse, he was always the modest gentleman, the sincere, subdued, cautious, prudent, wise, and hopeful Christian.

“If a tract or a book were to be published, or a missionary colporteur to be sent out, he was ever influential in seeing that truth was going to be spread abroad, and sound doctrine promulged; and I am confident that the general evangelical character of the publications of our Board during his connection with it, and of the churches and pastors in Pennsylvania, are as much to be attributed to his loving watchfulness over them, and sincere prayers for them, as to any human source.”

For a number of years he was President of the Society. Subsequently he was elected chairman of the board of managers. He was succeeded in this office by that Christian nobleman, John P. Crozer. On the death of Mr. Crozer he was again called to that position, and presided at the first meeting; but when they met again, he had already gone to his rest.

Reference has been made in the first chapter to his

early labors in company with Luther Rice in advocating the cause of

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

In a letter to Dr. Winter, dated June 28th, 1826, he says:

“The growing kingdom of our blessed Lord, with the various interesting circumstances attending it, should ever excite our wonder, gratitude, and praise. It has fallen to our lot to live in a period when the Lord is effecting great things. * * *

“The Missionary cause is great. Like the waters of Noah, it will prevail, till it inundates the whole earth; not, however, with a destroying flood, but with streams that emanate from the river of the water of life. The Burmese war and the war between the Greeks and Turks are very important events, and controlled by him that sitteth on the throne; and will subserve his own divine cause. Oh! who that loves Jesus can survey what is transpiring without a joyful heart, or pray without feeling a growing fervor, ‘Thy Kingdom come!’”

For a long series of years, his church sustained the Rev. E. Kincaid, D. D., the eminent missionary to the Burmans; who on his first return to America became a member of the Tenth Church. The intercourse between him and the pastor was of the most

affectionate character. A constant correspondence was maintained between them while Dr. Kincaid was abroad. On his first return, after years of heroic service amidst unknown perils, Dr. Kennard poured out his heart as follows :

“ May 4th, 1843.

“MY DEAR BROTHER KINCAID:—Welcome, thrice welcome, to your native land! Heaven bless you with renewed health, and abundantly prosper your visit!

“We have waited your arrival for weeks, and were becoming anxious about your safety; but the Lord is better than our fears.

“I did not hear that you had landed until yesterday, and nothing but the impression that you have already left for Boston could restrain my coming to meet you at New York. But I trust we shall shortly, very shortly, see you in the city of ‘Brotherly Love.’ On the receipt of this, do write me, and let me know when we may expect you; and grant me the favor of making my house your home. We have every convenience, and shall esteem it a privilege to have you with us. My wife and children, Dr. Jewell, your old friend, and Mrs. Jewell are all filled with joy in the hope of seeing you soon. My whole church from the account I have given them of your labors are exceedingly anxious to see you. We number nine hundred

in membership, are a young church, and I wish every member to be baptized with the mission spirit. One visit from you will do wonders for us.

“Come, dear brother, as soon as possible. Spend a part of the first Sunday with my church by all means. The young brother by whom I send this expects shortly to go on a Foreign Mission; he is one of my children, (J. Sexton James.) The children of Bro. Price, late missionary in Burmah, are both members of our church. Come and see them. One expects to go back to Burmah. But I must close, hoping to see your face shortly.

“Your old and very affectionate friend,

“JOSEPH H. KENNARD.”

He was among the first to grasp the idea of training the young in the missionary spirit; and there are not a few, now in middle life, who will remember how as little children they used to bring their “missionary boxes,” on anniversary days to the pastor’s house, and, as with affectionate delight he received their offerings, how he sent them away with some little book as a present, and his blessing on their head.

We well remember how enthusiastic he was over Oncken’s work in Germany, and Evan Jones’ among the Cherokees, and Wiberg’s in Sweden. We remember how he first began to discern in the last, beneath

his great modesty and imperfect language, the elements of power which have since made him the Apostle of Sweden.

We must notice also his important relations with the
HOME MISSION and the BIBLE SOCIETIES.

He was in sympathetic fellowship with such men as "Father Bennett," "Father Peck," Dr. Leonard, J. M. Peck, and other pioneers of the cause in the West. His house was often their home in the early part of his ministry, and often would he sit in happy converse with these noble men till late in the night.

Dr. Kennard was at an early period of his life identified with the

TEMPERANCE REFORM.

Indeed he was a pioneer within the religious circle in which he then moved.

At the time of his settlement near Philadelphia, public sentiment on this subject was very low. Drunkenness was indeed considered a calamity, and even a sin; but *total abstinence* was almost unknown. In the church, the standard was but little higher than through the community generally. It was not an unusual thing for leading members to be engaged in liquor manufacture, and its indiscriminate traffic. Sometimes the treasurer of the fund for the poor would be a public dispenser of that which is the fruit-

ful source of most of the poverty in the world; and more than one case was known, of a deacon dispensing the communion at the church, while his bar-tender would be dealing out the intoxicating draught at home. These instances, while exceptional as compared with the great body of the church, were sufficiently numerous to reveal the state of sentiment which permitted such scandals. Indeed, almost every family had its home-made fermented drinks; and many of them, especially if in prosperous circumstances, their distilled liquors also. The ministers were scarcely more abstemious than the average of their members. In making the round of pastoral calls, it was deemed but a part of hospitality to bring out the decanter and glasses. "The Elder must be tired,—this would refresh him." Or "it was hot,—this would cool him." Or "it was cold,—this would warm him up." Or it was our "fresh brewed,—and he must give his opinion of it." The result was, that after a half-dozen calls, the minister taking a glass at each,—“for politeness’ sake; not that he craved it at all,”—would sometimes experience an exhilaration of spirits, or a confusing of his perceptions, that would interfere with an entirely sedate carriage on the way home.

Our young pastor was deeply exercised in mind over this state of things, and especially in consequence of tain instances of actual intoxication, on the part

of otherwise estimable brethren, that had fallen under his own notice.

He resolved to plant himself openly on the Total Abstinence ground, and throw the whole of his influence against the use of that which could degrade the noblest of men, and bring the cause of Christ into disrepute.

The ministers of the adjacent towns were accustomed, as now, to have a Monthly Conference. Their numbers being limited to about a dozen, they met at each other's houses. It was regarded as a part of the entertainment to bring out the various drinks, and a cordial invitation was given to those present to "make themselves free." Unfortunately, some would respond to the invitation too cordially. He determined upon one such occasion, that when the conference should be held at his house he would offer them no liquor. In this his wife, the hostess, earnestly coincided with him.

The youngest of them all, and possessed of a great reverence for his elders, it was not without a struggle that, after setting before them some innocent refreshment, he informed them that there would be no wine or brandy, that for his own part he had resolved upon entire abstinence from all that could intoxicate.

Some looked upon the act as the result of youthful

enthusiasm ; a few were a little touched, as though some reflection had been implied upon their conduct ; but generally the act was approved. The next one who entertained the Conference was the Rev. J. L. Dagg, who heartily followed up the step taken by Mr. Kennard, and banished the liquor from the table. And such was the force of their example that the custom was from that time abandoned.

He was equally earnest in enforcing temperance in his church in after years.

The late Rev. Wm. S. Hall, who, about the time here referred to, was licensed to preach under his ministry, stated, that he was very strongly indoctrinated with the sentiments of his pastor. On one occasion, attending a conference in an adjoining county, and sitting down to dine with a number of the prominent ministers of the time, he saw on the table the decanter full of brandy. He instantly protested against its remaining there. "Pho ! pho !" cried an eccentric elder, "nonsense, boy ! hold your tongue !" But the young "Timothy" was resolute ; and finding his protest laughed at and frowned down by the rest, he rose from his seat, went over to the inn, and got his dinner alone, having for his dessert a clear conscience.

The pastor frequently preached upon the subject

during his ministry, believing it to be a legitimate part of his work, and was always regarded by the friends of the temperance movement as one of the staunchest and most reliable of its advocates.

In the year 1851, when a large number of the ministers of various denominations met to consider the desirableness of securing a prohibitory law, like that in Maine, for the State of Pennsylvania, they showed their appreciation of his services in the cause, by electing him their President by acclamation.

Observing with solicitude the recent increase of intemperance, and one of the fruitful causes of it, he, at the last meeting of the Philadelphia Association which he attended, offered and advocated with fervor the following resolutions :

“Whereas, The drinking of intoxicating liquors *as a beverage* is an alarming evil, and at the present time vastly on the increase in the social customs of *respectable society*, thereby insinuating itself into our churches, therefore,

“*Resolved*, That this Association recommend her ministers to raise the warning voice in their pulpits against *receiving* or *handling* the social glass.

“*Resolved*, That this Association urge upon the members generally the solemn responsibility of their *example* in personally abstaining, and their *influence*

to restrain the ravages of intemperance around them, and that they request especially the *merchants* to condemn the system of soliciting custom by clerks offering the tempting cup,—so common in the business world.”

Dr. Kennard was also deeply interested in every movement designed to secure the

PROPER OBSERVANCE OF THE LORD'S DAY.

He regarded with gravest solicitude the efforts of many to break down the sacredness of the day of rest by the running of the street cars, the opening of places of amusements, and the drinking saloons. From his own pulpit he launched burning words of condemnation at the selfish men, who for gain would sell out this inalienable right of humanity to a day of sacred rest and worship. He stimulated the lukewarm by his own zeal, and heartily co-operated with ministers of all the evangelical denominations in securing the day for its own beneficent purpose.

Indeed every humanitarian movement received his cordial sympathy. He was not a conspicuous and noisy reformer. Yet, with all his meekness and modesty, he was a radical in principle on all these subjects. He was not seen among the skirmishers thrown out on platforms to do the popular speaking, but he was found in the councils of war, where the

plans were laid and the solid work of these movements accomplished.

He was at one time greatly interested in a discussion between the noted infidel Joseph Barker—since converted, and become a preacher of the gospel—and a distinguished minister of the German Reformed Church, Rev. J. F. Berg, D.D., on the Inspiration of the Bible. He could not spare the time to attend the public debate, nor did he fully accord the expediency of taking notice of the boasting skeptic's challenge in the presence of such well-known and abounding proofs of the divinity of the Scriptures. Yet, as others deemed it well to have the infidel's sophistries answered, he frequently visited the study of the champion for the Bible, advised with him, prayed with him, and manifested an anxiety for his brother's success, as great as if the whole responsibility rested on his own shoulders.

Always a thorough Baptist, his relations to members of other denominations were ever cordial and affectionate. Prompt to co-operate with them in the Christian work of the city, we find him, as far back as Nov. 1848, chairman of a committee appointed by a large meeting of the ministers of various denominations to consider the best means of evangelizing the outly-

ing masses of the city. His views are embraced in the report which he wrote, closing with the following resolutions;

“*Resolved*, That the preaching of the gospel is the *principal* means, divinely appointed for the salvation of men; and whilst it is expedient that churches already established, should have pastors and the stated ministry, it is also important that some portion of each pastor’s labors should be devoted to the instruction of those who do not attend the ministry of the word, or visit the house of prayer.

“*Resolved*, That it is desirable to increase, as far as possible, the instrumentalities already employed in furnishing the destitute with religious instruction; and in distributing evangelical books as a preventive to the influence of pernicious publications, so widely circulating in the community.

“*Resolved*, That we feel a deep interest in the distribution of religious tracts, and respectfully recommend all distributors to accompany the offer of the tract with affectionate counsel and exhortation, whenever it *can* be done with propriety or advantage.

“*Resolved*, That we highly value Sunday-schools, as well adapted to restrain vice and advance religion; and recommend the churches to increase their number, especially among the poor, and in neglected

districts; and as the object is the saving of the souls of the children, special care should be taken to secure pious and intelligent teachers.

“Resolved, That it is the opinion of this meeting, that much good might be accomplished by committees of pious men of talents and influence occupying a part of each Lord’s Day in visiting places where the youth and others congregate to spend their time in sinful amusements and crime, and kindly to reason with them on the sinfulness of their course, and its sad consequences to themselves, and to others, through their example and influence.

“Resolved, That as the neglect and violation of the Lord’s Day is the fruitful source of many evil works, it is of the highest importance that all Christians should carefully avoid all acts, personally, and in their families, which may possibly be regarded as an infringement of God’s holy day; and exert their influence on others, to prevent the transaction of worldly business, and pleasure excursions on the Lord’s Day, now existing and increasing to an alarming extent in our community.

“In behalf of the committee.”

“J. H. KENNARD, *Chairman.*”

“Nov. 12th, 1848.”

It is doubtful if, after an experience of the past twenty years, these suggestions have been materially improved upon.

The establishment of the "*Noon Prayer-Meeting*" in 1857, marked an era in his history.

He was prominently and enthusiastically identified with it from the first. He found here, what his loving heart had long yearned for, a broad ground of spiritual and visible union among the members of the various Christian Churches for the highest of objects. Here, with no controversies, and with no sacrifice of principle, all could cluster around the mercy seat to plead for the descent of the Holy Ghost, and the spread of the kingdom of Christ. The scenes of that meeting, especially during the time it was held in Jayne's Hall, demonstrated in a remarkable manner the beauty and the power of the evangelical spirit of the age. For many a century, such a sight had not been witnessed among the followers of Christ. A little before the hour of noon, each day, a tide of human beings would be seen pressing towards the largest hall in the city. The platform is soon filled with ministers, embracing all the evangelical denominations. The audience, numbering four thousand or more, fill the entire room.

Then a hymn is announced by the leader—who is generally some one just from the midst of merchandize and ledgers, or a mechanic who has just laid down the trowel or plane—and the voices of the multitude swell like the noise of many waters. A few words of divine truth are read, followed by three minutes of remark or prayer. Then from slips of paper, that have accumulated on the desk, prayers are asked for a godless son, a worldly husband, a church seeking revival, a convicted sinner who is in the meeting, etc. Then all heads are bowed and all hearts uplifted, while one after another briefly, pointedly supplicates the throne. Several are on their feet at once, anxious to tell some new incident of converting grace, or beg remembrance for some cherished friend. The unction of the Holy One seems to rest on all; and when the short hour is past the crowds reluctantly disperse; some with tear-stained cheeks; some speaking words of hope to a converted friend; some, brimming with new-found joy, hastening back to their daily toil; and some scattering seed by the wayside. Thus, for many months, they met; and the place was precious to him of whom we write. When the meetings were removed to the old Sansom Street Church, he followed them there. He came to be regarded as one of the pillars. “He may be truly described,” says *The Presbyterian*, “as the central

figure there." The widow of Dr. McDowell said, "As I attend these meetings, if I see Dr. Kennard there, it seems to satisfy me; if not, I look for him till he comes; then all seems right."

Here he met with congenial spirits, among the earnest, pure-minded, and prayerful men of various denominations; and his heart was knit to theirs, as the heart of David to Jonathan. They still speak of him in that meeting with tender reverence. Whenever he rose to speak all was still; every eye was fixed on him, and many hearts throbbed more warmly for what he said.

For several months, the most impressive remarks made in these meetings by the various speakers were reported in some of the papers, especially the Sunday School Times, from which we gather a few of his extemporaneous utterances.

On one occasion he arose and said: "I desire to inquire after that dear young man whose case was mentioned in one of the notes this morning, and for whom prayer was asked. His case is peculiar. The note stated, that he attends with us here in this daily place for prayer, and yet he is unconverted. Oh! if I knew the seat he occupied this morning, I should feel it in my heart to go right to him and say, 'What meaneth this? What meaneth this?' Coming and going, to

and from this place of the Holy One, where prayer is ascending from so many hearts, and thine prayerless! What keeps thee to this meeting? Oh, is it not the cords of love? Wilt thou break them? Or wilt thou yield thy soul to their drawings? O dear young man, I ask of thee, if present now, not to descend yonder, not to go from this room till thy heart is submitted to God. Give it right over to Jesus. Give thyself a living sacrifice; and saved or lost do thy duty thus far—give over thy entire self to Christ, who for thy soul bled on the tree, and stands thy Intercessor before the throne. O young man, give thyself to Christ now. Now is God's time, and God's time is the right time."

At a later period he said: "It has become with me, brethren, a question of deep and solemn interest, why it is that the saving and converting grace of God does not appear in this meeting from day to day more than any open evidence of the fact presents itself to our view. On that point I am troubled—my soul is oppressed. Here are hundreds every day. In that number are a great many praying souls, and, also, we may suppose, scores of unconverted hearts. From day to day we hear of the power of this meeting afar off. Letters are read and public acknowledgments made of its blessed influence far away, but I fail to

hear any rising up to say, 'Pray for my soul.' I fail to hear instances of immediate conversion here. When the primitive ministers and sons of God met they expected *immediate* conversions; even before they left the place of assemblage did they look for sinners to be converted—and they witnessed it. Now I fear there is fault with us who usually pray and speak, and should perhaps have control of the matter. I think we ought to have conversions, or deep, solemn awakenings in this meeting every day; and it does seem to me—I speak it with diffidence—that we ought to have a place for the anxious to go at the close of the meeting for religious conversation. What we want is more faith to believe that God will provide these cases if we only make provision to meet them. Let us believe there are souls in this house *now* who are seeking Jesus, and if there be such a one, may he not leave till some friendly hand has been offered and some words of counsel given. O sinner, did you hear the hymn that we sang this morning, 'Delay not; delay not?' For God's sake *delay not!* This very meeting may rise up to your condemnation at the last, if you do not heed the warning."

Often when the faith of this praying band grew weak, as their numbers diminished, he would seek to cheer them thus.

“Know, brethren beloved, that ‘Your labor is not in vain in the Lord.’ How pleasant it is to hear the tidings we have heard this morning of the conversion of that young man in the navy, prayed for in this meeting this week! And of that family, too, converted through the prayers of this meeting! But brethren, we ought to remember this, that, in many cases, prayers offered here or elsewhere, and labors put forth here or elsewhere, may not come to our knowledge for many years—perhaps may not be developed till we may lie low in the grave.

“Last Lord’s Day week, after preaching in my own pulpit, a gentleman, a stranger, approached me, and said he could not leave the house till he said to me, ‘Twenty years ago, a sermon you preached here was the means of my conversion to God. I have never seen you since, but I must tell you now.’

“Last night in my prayer-meeting, a gentleman stated that thirteen years ago he gave a boy Doddridge’s ‘Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.’ That boy gave it to his father, an unconverted man. Day before yesterday the gentleman said, he was riding out in the country when he saw a man sitting on the step of his own house reading a book. He recognized the man, was satisfied that he knew him, alighted from his carriage, and offered him his hand.

The man said, 'I do not know you, sir.' He then related the fact of his giving this book to his boy, his son. 'Oh,' said the man, 'here's the book. This is the second time I am reading it through, and God has blessed it to my soul's conversion.'

"Brethren, the seed may lie long buried in the dust, but it will not deceive our hope. It will bear fruit. O mothers, some of these dear sons, that with throbbing hearts you bring to us that we may aid you in your prayers, may not be converted till your heads are in the grave; but God will live to convert them, and Christ will live to save them, though you die without seeing the blessing. God grant that we may labor without ceasing, and wait God's gracious time to cause the labor to be productive, and result in salvation!"

One Saturday he said: "A little girl last evening, relating before the church which I serve the experience of her conversion to God, was asked for the commencement of the work of which she was speaking, and of which she gave a most satisfactory account. She said, that several months ago her class in Sunday-school were all unconverted. They parted on Sunday, and one of their number died before Monday night. That dying child sent to her class the message, that they should not neglect salvation as she had

done, but prepare to meet their God. Since that time three of her class have been converted, and this dear youth was one of the number.

“Dear teachers! Go into your class on the morrow with the impression that some one of its members may die before you meet them again; and speak as you will wish you had spoken should your words prove the last they are permitted to hear from your lips.”

He thus touchingly referred to the death of Kingman Nott:—“I am deeply impressed this morning with the importance of ministers being actively and fervently engaged in the prosecution of every day’s labors. I hope I am always impressed with this fact, but I am unusually so this morning. It is because of an incident which saddens our hearts in no ordinary degree—one which perhaps many of you have before this heard and lamented. I refer to the sudden death, by drowning, of the Rev. Mr. Nott, pastor of the Broome Street Baptist Church, of New York City.

“That lovely young man, only some twenty-six years of age—called to the pastorate of that important church a year before he left college, by reason of the great promise he gave of talent and usefulness; which promise has been realized in his two years’ labor with them, in the highest degree—one of the most lovely-spirited of men; a man well adapted to the times in

which we live in every respect; with a large fraternal heart; engaging in every enterprise of a union character heartily; rising as the sun in the ministry, attracting crowds to his large place of worship, *is dead!* He went into the Raritan to bathe, on Thursday afternoon, I think, and suddenly sank to rise no more.

“One of the most solemn admonitions to ministers that I have met with for a long time. It carries my thoughts back to the beloved Spencer, of Liverpool; there seemed to be a resemblance in the two cases.

“O brother ministers, let us be admonished to be up and doing, for ‘we know not the day nor the hour.’ That dear young man preached at Amboy on Wednesday night, little thinking that a watery grave would be his the next day. Let us all go into our pulpits on the morrow, and with this circumstance on our memory and our hearts, let us preach as for eternity.”

“Never while memory performs her office,”—says one of another denomination, “can we forget that venerable form, that heavenly expression of countenance, those pleading, tearful tones, that went straight to the heart, as he testified to the unwonted joys of his soul in those sweet hours of communion, as he plead with impenitent sinners, as he brought glad news of the Holy Spirit’s work in other parts of the land, or declared his overflowing love for the brethren of differ-

ent denominations with whom he rejoiced to commune in those meetings."

The writer will never forget how, on his first appearance in that meeting after his father's departure, on being introduced as "good Dr. Kennard's son," the people flocked around him at the close;—each recalling with tender feeling something that his "dear father" had said or done in that room, that had made his memory fragrant. We were informed, that, for many weeks after his decease, not a meeting was held but some reference was made to him in their remarks or prayers.

With reference to the true principle of Christian union, he made some interesting and appropriate remarks, on the occasion of the second convention of the friends of Noon Prayer-Meetings—remarks which should be held in remembrance: "I rejoice in every right step that advances us to its attainment, but let us not press things beyond their natural growth. Christian Union is to me like a beautiful white rose-bud. Leave it to the influence of the sun, and it will expand its leaves into full bloom; but if, impatient, we attempt to pry its leaves open with a knife, the flower is mutilated and withers in our hand. Let us be patient, my brethren, our resolutions and creeds will not do this work. Let us continue to keep our hearts open to the blessed Spirit and he will bring it to pass."

IN WAR TIMES.

As a Christian patriot he watched the development of the great struggle between the two sections of the nation, with a sleepless eye; and saw with solicitude, the portentous clouds gathering in the horizon. He writes in his diary, "January 4th, 1861, National Fast day. Meetings three times. Never since the establishment of our Government has there been so alarming a time. Unless the Lord help, civil war must soon come." Again January 30th, "My country still in peril!—We know not what moment war may begin—O Lord, save the nation! Vain is the help of man. President and Congress confounded."

Fully alive to the abominations which the system of slavery allowed, he believed with many others, that multitudes of the slave-holders were anxious to be delivered from the incubus that was on them. Hence he was an enthusiastic advocate of gradual emancipation, and one of the earliest supporters of the society for colonizing the negroes in Africa. He believed that denunciation and abuse, with masked plots for running off the slaves, only tended to rivet their chains, and defeat wiser plans for their liberation.

Yet this fact did not prevent him, when the issue finally culminated, from fixing, without hesitation, the responsibility of the rupture where it essentially be-

longed. His diary contains evidences of the amazement and indignation which he felt at the first blow that was struck.

The blood warmed in his veins, and his eye kindled, as he read the Proclamation of the President, calling for seventy-five thousand men for the defence of the imperilled government; and he hailed with enthusiasm the first regiments that marched through Philadelphia to protect the Capitol; and when our armies met with reverses, we have known him to walk the floor powerfully agitated, and weeping with shame and grief.

Yet there was a supremely religious tone in his patriotic enthusiasm. His constant appeals to his people to do their utmost to sustain the Government, were always coupled with the exhortation to enter into their closets, and invoke the mercy of heaven on their enemies; and daily at the family altar did he invoke the God of battles to bring the struggle to a speedy and righteous issue.

He felt personally interested in every regiment that was raised in the city and dispatched to the seat of war. When they would visit his church, while awaiting orders, he never failed to address them with inspiring words. He solemnly charged his own young men, while parting with them, to do their whole duty as Christian soldiers; nor did they forget the charge, as their noble record shows.

At one time he presented each one of a company made up in his immediate neighborhood, with a Testament; and as the good man went from soldier to soldier, as they stood in rank, handing each one that precious gift with a kindly word, not a few flashing eyes grew moist.

The regiment to which this company belonged, was afterward stationed for a time in Washington, and a familiar letter from a pastor there, to him says; "Lieut. Sloan has been to see me twice; on Tuesday evening last, he came to prayer-meeting with about forty of his men, and spoke and prayed. Of course the Tenth Church and Father Kennard formed the staple of his remarks. Indeed, he quite broke down on 'Father Kennard,' and blubbered before all his men. Had to use a handkerchief myself a little. The boys said, they had their Bibles which you gave them, and read them too. Not being well versed in the Scriptures, however, some of them seem to have confused ideas about Father Kennard and the Apostle Paul; not being able always to tell t'other from which."


"Were I twenty years younger," he cried, while exhorting his congregation to do their duty, "I would shoulder a musket and go myself." On one occasion, the ministers of the city in large numbers were assembled to pray for the deliverance of the State from in-

vasion The army under Gen. Lee had made a desperate advance across the border and were threatening Philadelphia, while a strange apathy rested on the people. At the close of the meeting, the ministers resolved that they would go in a body, and offer themselves to the Mayor of the city to work in the entrenchments, or in any other way to serve their country. Dr. Kennard was among them. The sight was thrilling indeed. These servants of heaven's King—men of peace, yet burning with patriotic loyalty,—they marched down the principal thoroughfare arm in arm, a hundred of them, many with white hairs streaming in the wind, the benignant countenance, now irradiated with a glowing zeal and determination to do their whole duty in the emergency. On they marched, the blessed old flag floating over them, believing they were following the Prince of peace, who was a patriot as well as a Saviour. They were received by the Mayor with distinguished consideration. He assured them that he honored their spirit—manifested, not only on this, but other occasions, and that in case of need their services should be called for. A member of the Tenth Church stood that day at one of the corners, and caught sight of his pastor in that procession. He hastened home, saying, "This is too much for me; good bye, wife and children, I'm off to the front!"

Nor did he forget the war worn men when they returned wounded and sick to the hospitals. Many a time was he found by the side of the suffering braves, ministering in the offices of our holy religion. From his church went forth each Sunday, missionaries to the camps of the convalescents and the recruits, holding forth the word of life; while among the ministers of the city who occasionally visited the hospitals to preach, no form was more welcome, nor any voice listened to with more eagerness than his.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN PRIVATE MINISTRATIONS.

HE true shepherd of souls has only begun his work, when he has preached the sermon on the Lord's Day. Then he addresses men in the mass. But there is a personal application of the gospel message to individual hearts, in all the range of their private experience.

The failure in the pastoral work of many otherwise able and laborious men lies in this, the inability to get any nearer to their people than the height and distance of the pulpit desk from the pew. They preach noble sermons, and are not without appreciative hearers. They write for newspapers and reviews, and find readers; they influence the public mind for good by platform addresses on important occasions; and in all these ways they have their fruit. But in the pastoral work—so far as it consists in private ministrations—their heart is not in it, and their efficiency is very limited.

Dr. Kennard aimed to be, not only the preacher, but the father of his flock. Says Dr. Babcock: "In editing the memoir of the late John M. Peck, D. D., I found among his journals repeated testimonies to the high esteem in which he, as well as all with whom he mingled, held Dr. Kennard. Nor could I withhold one of these testimonies, in which he calls him a *Model Pastor*. I was once present with a few brethren when Dr. Kennard was reminded of this testimony in his behalf. With characteristic modesty and self-depreciation he replied: 'Oh, my dear brother Peck had better spoken of me as but a moderate pastor.' As one who lovingly and faithfully watched for souls, expecting to give account, he has certainly left no superior and few equals."

His sympathies were quick, broad, and efficient. While sensitive and perhaps timid about approaching others unasked, no heart opened its doors to him which he disdained to enter. He gave himself to the people, and they literally took possession of him.

The home was a kind of religious dispensary, combined with a court of equity, where every kind of spiritual malady and personal difficulty was brought for advice; and the multitudes who came with their varied wants remember how gentle, courteous, and affectionate was their reception.

His own church furnished many of these visitants. But what numbers came from other churches, other denominations, and from all the conditions of social life! Some were cases of chronic religious despondency, and some of great backsliding. Some brought their doubts about doctrines, and some their perplexities about duty. Ministers in trouble with their churches, and deacons in trouble with their ministers; cases of family trouble, and of public defamation; people with cracked reputation, and people with damaged brains; all had an idea that "Brother Kennard" could give them some helpful advice, or at least some healing sympathy.

But by far the largest number of those to whom he privately ministered, were those denominated "Anxious Inquirers." They would come in with a timid ring of the bell, and with sad, questioning looks. He generally knew them at a glance, and sitting down beside them, would encourage them to tell their simple stories. "They were in the church on Sunday; they heard him preach that sermon; they felt they were great sinners; since then they could find no rest,—what must they do to be saved?" This was the substance of the oft repeated story. To him it was always fresh, and always welcome.

In dealing with the "Awakened," what responsibil-

ity is involved—what skill required! It has been said that a surgeon should have the heart of a lion and the hand of a woman. But if such qualities are needed in the delicate and perilous operations on human bodies, what traits should he possess, who is to be the instrument of conducting that mysterious operation, by which men are born of God, and transformed from sin to holiness! What *discernment*, to distinguish between the work of the Holy Spirit, and the movements of carnal fear! What *faithfulness*, to deepen the convictions of sin by the unfolding of the law, lest the hurt of the soul be healed slightly! And yet what *caution* not to break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax! What *fresh experience* of the love of Christ, to sweetly constrain others to repose in it! What *patience* with the ignorant and the irresolute! What *compassion* for the heavy-laden and disheartened!

Dr. Kennard seemed to possess, to a degree seldom seen, the combination of mental and moral traits that fit a man for such delicate, difficult work. He possessed pre-eminently the *wisdom* that winneth souls.

So highly did his brethren in the ministry appreciate this fact, that in a time of general religious interest among the churches, the Philadelphia Association requested him to write an essay on "The Method of Dealing with Anxious Inquirers." In compliance with

which request, he read a paper* at their next annual meeting, when it was received with every mark of approbation, and ordered to be printed.

Another of the marked characteristics of his private ministrations, was his power in prayer. He was continually visited and written to by those who seemed to have an almost superstitious confidence in his influence at the court of Heaven; and he frequently had occasion to guard such applicants against a dependence which would dishonor the sovereignty of the grace of God.

His own confidence in prayer as a power was intense; and he entered into the cause of those distressed souls who applied to him, with all the earnestness of an advocate for his client.

Many a beautiful incident occurred during his life, illustrative of this. He was once aroused at midnight from his slumbers, to visit a lady who was thought to be dying. An intelligent woman, and a highly esteemed member of the Presbyterian Church, she had fallen into a state of religious despondency. An impenetrable gloom had gradually thickened around her soul, till all her former hopes were buried in it as a shroud. No exhortations of pastor or friends; no light from past experience or from the Divine word,

* It will be found in the second part of this volume.

seemed able to dispel it. At last the body sank under the soul's distress, and wasting away through weary months, she was brought down to the very "valley of the shadow of death."

She had sometimes listened to Dr. Kennard's preaching; and friends determined to send for him in the last extremity, if so be God might give her some ray of hope ere she passed away. He hastened at once to the house. The silence of the grave pervaded the room as he entered. There lay the invalid—victim of "Satan's devices"—stretched upon her couch. The pallid face and sunken eyes, told of her stony despair. Sitting down by her, he began to show her the height and depth of the divine mercy; and as one who would count priceless pearls on a golden thread, he repeated to her the exceeding great and precious promises adapted to her case.

"They are all true," she sadly replied, "but they are not for me."

"There is but one hope left," said he, "let us look to the Lord in prayer."

"You may if you think it will be of any avail."

He kneels by the bedside, and as an anointed priest with God, pleads the cause of this crushed soul. And as he wrestles with the "Angel of the Lord's presence," he prevails. While still kneeling, a cold, wasted hand

is laid on his; and as he rises a flush of hope kindles in the face as she exclaims: "It is all gone! thank God! it is all gone!" And then, the fountain of bitter waters that was corroding her heart being broken up, streams of precious, helpful tears ran down her smiling cheeks. Claspings his hands with childlike wonder and delight, she pours out her thanks to him, as her Heaven-sent deliverer, while he, deeply moved, can only bid her give all the glory to God. Ere long a healed spirit brought healing to the body, and the chastened one was restored to a circle of loving friends and a happy life.

Many were the cases of dangerous illness, when the physician's skill was exhausted, and the invalid hung on the borders of the shadowy land, that his believing intercessions were followed by singular and sometimes instantaneous relief. We have heard our mother speak of her own experience of gracious help through that prayer of faith. Once in particular, while enduring acute and protracted suffering till it seemed that nature could support no more, our father stood near, as he ever did, to relieve her by all soothing words and ministrations; and finding these unavailing, he said, "I will go away and pray for you." Almost miraculous was the result. He who promises, "While thou art yet speaking, I will hear," fulfilled his promise. The

pain was instantly assuaged. A sweet calm stole over body and mind, even as at the voice of him who whispered, "Peace! be still!"

One of the last converts he baptized, in relating the history of her conversion, said: "I was deeply distressed for sin, and went to my pastor for advice. He talked with me, and tried to lead me to the Saviour. But I was leaving with a heavy heart, when, just as I parted with him, he prayed a blessing on me. At that instant light and comfort came into my soul, and I went on my way rejoicing in the pardon of sin."

In so large a parish, the number of communicants at times reaching eleven hundred, it was impossible, considering the numerous calls to duty in his public relations, that he should be able to keep up any systematic visitation. The number of funerals which he attended, absorbed much of his time, there being on an average three a week. At least half of these were in families outside of his congregation. If it be thought, as it was sometimes by us, that he ought to refuse these applications that he might visit more among his own people, let it be remembered how difficult it is for a man of his heart to deny his services to those who were plunged in grief. But he acted not from natural sentiments of pity alone. He believed that he was thus making the wisest use of his precious

time. He embraced the occasion of addressing those whom he might never meet in the church. He carried the gospel to them, at a time when their hearts were best prepared to receive it. And such was the good success of carrying out this idea, that numbers of those to whom he had before been a stranger, were thus brought to the house of God, and into the fold of Christ.

His intercourse with his people was almost exclusively pastoral. It was a rare treat indeed, for him to make a purely social visit, or take a friendly meal with any of the families of his church. His visitation was almost always called forth by special occasions. These were so numerous that he had little time for any thing else. But he was ably assisted in an oversight of the flock, by earnest men and women, who habitually, under his direction, would visit various parts of the field. Sometimes he would have the church districted, and the several divisions placed under the supervision of committees, so that though he could not see personally each family perhaps in many months, he might hear how they prospered.

It could never be said of him, that he sought to make partisans by special partiality for individuals. He was not free and familiar with some, and dignified and distant toward others. Like the Good Shepherd he *knew*

his sheep. He had the rare gift of remembering each one's name and face, which gave him no trifling advantage; while for each he had the same benignant manner, which, while it never put them on a level with him, yet made them perfectly at ease in his presence.

He kept an especially watchful eye over the poor and the afflicted. His presence in the sick room was always welcome. The expression of his face; the simplicity and gentleness of his manner; and his method of presenting the gospel to the suffering,—all chimed in with the influences there, and brought soothing to the stricken ones.

Some men, from their temperament, are ill-fitted for this kind of work. If they go through it, it is because they find it a part of their business; and it is performed in a professional and *ex-officio* way, which to the keen discernment of the poor and the invalid is quite manifest. It is the misfortune rather than the fault of these men. There is a mental structure, an emotional tone, which is suited for scenes of health and action, but which cannot accommodate itself to the opposite occasions.

Dr. Kennard was at home wherever there was trouble. He was in his element when he was helping somebody out of darkness into the light. And so it happened that when he went on his way from the

house of mourning, it seemed as if he had brought a fragrance and a light of a healthier clime with him.

He was often sent for by those whose prejudice and pride would not permit them to listen to others. Worldly and hardened men had confidence in him, for the purity and unselfishness of his character.

During the war he was often sent for by the soldiers to visit them in the hospitals. On one occasion, a man in the prime of life was dying. Brave in the front of cannon, the strong man was troubled when brought face to face with God. Still impenitent, he refused the counsels of chaplain and nurse. He thought religion hypocrisy, and was blind to the beauty of the cross. But, his convictions increasing as death drew nearer, he consented to have a minister sent for. "But," said he, "don't bring a young man, and be sure he is a good man!" The lady who waited on him brought her pastor. As he entered the ward where the patient lay, and drew near his cot, the soldier started up, and with a child-like warmth cried,

"Why, it is Joseph Kennard,—the best man God ever made! How glad I am to see you. I heard you preach in the old New Market Street Church. Oh, I remember it! You are the very man I want to talk with me." Deeply moved, the pastor sought to divert

his attention from himself to that Saviour, behind whose cross he loved to hide. He soon had the man listening with the utmost docility, and, like the centurion, drinking in all that God would speak by his servant, and then with warmest gratitude bade him farewell forever. The next day, he said thoughtfully to a comrade as he pointed to the ceiling, "Do you see that ornament?"

"Yes."

"Are you *sure*?"

"Certainly I am sure!"

"Well just so *sure* am I that Christ has forgiven my sins; and that I shall soon go to him."

There are few more difficult things than rightly to approach men in the ordinary intercourse of life, on the subject of personal religion. The methods of good men are widely different. One is fearless and thoroughly practical. He feels it his business to take men by the hand and urge them to be Christians, and he does it with the same freedom and confidence that he would solicit them to buy his goods or vote his political ticket. Another feels it incumbent to speak to his fellow-man with a manifest belief in his utterly wretched and lost condition; and with a doleful whine to all alike, warns them of their doom. A third will hover around the object of his solicitude, anxious

above all things, to do him good, but utterly unable to summon courage to propound the question he most wants solved.

Dr. Kennard lacked neither zeal for men's souls nor courage to approach them, but he had an exaggerated sensitiveness in regard to the sanctity of each man's private religious experiences, and he dreaded to trespass where he was not first invited. That he was not deficient in courage is evident from the many occasions, when, in private as well as public, he would rebuke sin; and in certain emergencies he could make to worldly men most pointed appeals.

I well remember when Mr. I.—the president of a notorious club of infidels in Philadelphia, and a man who had made himself widely known in the community for his constant warfare upon Christianity, had occasion to call upon him on business. Dr. Kennard at the close of the interview took the proud and wily skeptic by the hand and said, looking him in the face, "Mr. I.—, you like myself are growing old. Before long we shall both stand before God. I have a hope of being accepted then through that blessed Saviour, you are fighting against. It must soon appear which of us was in the right, and which has made a fatal mistake. I beg you to spend your declining years in making preparation for eternity. I beg you

to accept that great salvation which is now offered you even after a life-long contempt of it."

He spoke with that authority and benignity which characterized an ambassador of heaven. The skeptic was evidently touched by his holy zeal. This was not a man to dispute with. He had never before had words so kind in their sadness addressed to his heart. He made some respectful but evasive reply, and walked thoughtfully away. In a very short time, the morning papers brought to the house the account of his death.

While, however, he would at times address men thus, it always occasioned him a struggle. Many a time did he express the wish, that he could act more freely in this regard.

Yet this extreme sensibility to the feelings of others made him peculiarly acceptable to a class of men who were inclined to repel the approaches of religious men as officious and intermeddling.

Watchful to embrace the most favorable times for effecting good, he would write letters to those in whom he felt an interest, at times when they were in circumstances that opened their minds to the reception of the truth.

To a talented young man, about entering on his profession in life, he wrote as follows :

“MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—“While the best interests of youth around me awaken in my mind an affectionate desire to be useful to them, I have felt towards yourself for months past more than an ordinary concern. I have, on one or two occasions, named to you my feelings. But having little opportunity for personal conversation with you, I will communicate to you in these lines some of the impressions of my mind, believing they will be kindly received and seriously considered.

“I behold you rising rapidly into manhood, blest with the means of the highest mental improvement, and with a laudable zeal to grasp all the advantages which such means can secure. I am happy to see you thus circumstanced. Education is of vast importance to usefulness in your generation, if properly applied. But oh! remember, that while you tread the path of science, you are on your way to a future state of being; and for that state, endless in its duration, one thing is indispensable to your happiness—*You must be born again, and have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.*

“The truth of this statement I know you admit, and am persuaded you have often felt its force. But how are such convictions to result? Does my dear young friend halt between two opinions? Oh, halt no longer! *If the Lord be God serve him.*

“Is there any reasonable excuse for delay in this matter? Are you ready to conclude that your youth may excuse an immediate attention to the subject? Read once more Ecclesiastes 12th. When younger than you, the first verse was made the means of my conversion; yet I regret that so many of my days were wasted in folly. Forget not, I beseech you, that few are converted in old age.

“Religion will not hinder your progress in your studies; but on the contrary advance you, by giving you to see their importance, in their influence on the cause of Christ and the good of mankind.

“You are not prevented by father’s or mother’s frown from making an open profession, for sure I am they have often prayed for your conversion, and with the apostle can say, they have no greater joy than to hear that their children walk in the truth!

“You may suppose that young companions will think it strange, and speak evil of you. Be it so. They cannot harm you if you be a follower of that which is good. Are they not mortal, and can they answer for you at the judgment, or give a ransom for you to God? Oh! lay aside every excuse; and hear your Saviour saying, ‘Follow thou me;’ and, sensible of the importance of religious influence, humbly submit to Christ. Take on you his yoke and you shall find rest to your

soul, for it is good that a man bear the yoke in his youth.

“Think on these things and communicate to me the result of your reflections as soon as convenient.

“Yours with much affection,

“JOS. H. KENNARD.”

There is no time when his people and many others will miss him more than when in trouble or sickness, or the dread hour of their dissolution. Since we have been writing these memoirs, we have been called to the bedside of two of his dying flock. One of them said, “Oh, I have had such joy to-day! I have seemed to be with my dear pastor in heaven, and talked with him all the morning.” Another aged man the day before his death repeatedly cried, looking up to heaven, “Oh! my dear old pastor, take me to thyself.”

His meek and comforting presence, familiar in such scenes, will be seen no more. But the memory of it will be a balm as long as life shall last. And many a one whose burden he lightened, whose tears he dried, whose perplexities he solved, whose path through the “dark valley” he brightened, accompanying them to the last with the shining candle of the Lord—has welcomed him to the land where they never say, I am

sick; where they need no candle, neither the light of the sun, nor of the moon; for the Lord God giveth them light; and where he shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and lead them to fountains of living waters.

CHAPTER IX.

IN HOME LIFE.

ANY men live two lives. Their public and their private lives are as different as though they belonged to two persons. Frequently a man's home-life is less attractive than that which he lives under the eye of the world.

This is especially the case with men of nervous temperament, and those who are oppressed with heavy cares. Pride, discretion, and a sense of duty in regard to their example among men, combine to make them self-restrained and urbane in public; while inside their own doors, their pent-up irritability finds vent; or the secret anxiety that wears on the soul, shows itself; or the weariness of contact with so many men causes them to seek the quiet of separation from even the innocent interruptions of the family.

Often good, strong, and generous natures expend the force of their fresh and healthy nervous resources

in duties among men, and the home often receives only the dregs of weariness and exhaustion.

We loved and revered our father for his superiority in these respects. A home-life illumined by his glowing love, dignified by his courteous refinement, sustained by his manly sympathy, and blessed with his holy example, cannot fail to be cherished in happy memory.

But as, when in a quiet lake, the beauty of sky and hill and mossy rock is mirrored, a bird's wing skimming the surface throws the whole picture into dimness and confusion; so, though we can look in upon that home-life, and see the happy scenes, and feel again the atmosphere of love, when we take pen to transcribe the vision, the whole attempt seems poor and confused enough.

Intense as was the life he led in public, had you observed our father in the family, you would have thought nothing interested him so much as providing for the comfort of those within the home.

The ability to make all happy around him, to be "a central bliss diffusing warmth," seemed to result from the combination of certain inherent traits of character with the graceful tact of a gentleman. He was unvaryingly polite to visitors of all classes, and as truly considerate of the feelings of the servant in the

kitchen, as of the friend in the parlor. The lines addressed to Arthur Hallam,

“Manhood was fused with female grace,
In such a sort the child would twine
A trustful hand, unasked in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face,”

could be truly applied to him; for over little ones who came to the house, he appeared to possess a kind of magnetism. They seemed to consider him a most congenial and wonderful friend. The children always were attracted to him, and never met a rebuff. A short time before his death, a little boy came in from the street, crying, and holding out his broken kite, saying, “Oh! Mr. Kennard, won’t you mend my kite?” He left his studies, and fixing the toy with utmost good nature, sent the little fellow on his way rejoicing. Two orphan boys were accustomed to watch for him as he would come out of the house, and always ran up to get hold of his hand and walk down the street with him. Another little fellow, on the day of the funeral, would not be satisfied till they took the lid off the coffin that he might be lifted up to have the last kiss. Another still said, the day after his death, “Mother, I wonder the sun shines so bright, and that the sky is not dark, when so good a man as Brother Kennard has died.”

When we were little children, the Christmas morning was hailed with special pleasure. Parents and little ones all had their delightful secret. On the one hand, the opening of the stocking in the chimney-corner betrayed the parents' love; on the other, a magnificent concert consisting of the voices of the half-dozen children, who would steal down to the bed-room door before old Sol had his eyes half open. The breaking forth of the Christmas-song, was not quite so melodious, I suspect, as that of the angels, but just as dear to these parents' ears, and effectual in wakening them out of their sleep. Then would be the impatient waiting for the door to open, and the rush and struggle for the first kiss and a "Merrie Christmas."

The custom in later years was to gather at the close of the New Year eve meeting, children and grandchildren around a common table, spread with simple food, at one o'clock New Year's morning. This watch meeting at the church, and the family gathering afterward, were the only irregular hours our father ever tolerated.

His grandchildren always brought their Christmas gifts for him to enjoy with them; and how every thing was enhanced in value by his astonishment and delight at their riches.

Their last gift to him was a sweet-singing canary bird, with a note signed by five of them, saying that

it was the purchase of their saved pennies, and hoping it would "often cheer a weary hour."

The bird began to sing just as he should, on being hung up, much to the uproarious delight of children and grandpa. It was a singular circumstance, that ten days before his death, this, his pet singer, accidentally escaped from its cage and never returned.

His courtesy, however, never caused him to descend to the unpolished style of address or deportment of the ignorant; while in the society of the cultivated, his genial nature seemed to expand, as in its true element. The quiet, but humorous repartee, which, though kept in restraint, was so spontaneous, and sparkled in his eye, before it was uttered; the quick perception of what chord to strike in social symphony; a happy way of narrating events, so as to give the main points without the tiresome detail; the power of vividly describing what he saw, from the ludicrous to the sublime,—combined to make him attractive in the social circle.

Our father's habits and tastes were simple and primitive. He was accustomed to rise very early. He loved the day-dawn for its freshness and quiet; and then he always carried to bed with him the feeling that there was much to do on the morrow. Waking with the sun, he had his time for reading and prayer. No matter how onerous the previous day's labor, or

how disturbed his night's rest, he was always astir the first of the family, and never retired until all were at rest. He seemed ever to realize that he was the head of the household, and like all other offices he filled, he undertook its responsibilities. Promptly at day-dawn he visited the market. He had great enjoyment in this practice. No amount of persuasion to save himself in the heat of summer, or to wait for the warm breakfast in winter, would induce him to defer attendance.

We would here remark that yielding to the wishes of those who would dissuade him from labor or turn him from his purpose on account of wind or weather, was not one of his virtues. He resolutely did what he intended to do; and if, through overpowering entreaty boots and overcoat ever did come off, and wrapper and slippers took their place, the woful look and the despairing expression "I'm no man," testified to the trial it was to his whole nature.

He was conscientiously and practically opposed to stimulants, and therefore never suffered their distressing reaction. He never used narcotics. The strength he employed was natural; and when exhausted, all he wished was to throw himself into an easy chair or on a lounge; and, having a talent for sleep, with the hush that we were always taught to observe, a refresh-

ing oblivion soon restored his tired nature, and he woke ready for the next duty.

He loved to wait on himself, and his own wants were very few. Our mother used to tell us, that she never knew him to want anything. It was quite needful for some one to look after his personal comfort: he was so self-forgetful. In the ever recurring opportunities, when one could serve himself or prefer others, he habitually practised the latter. He had a sort of perplexed and amused look whenever we would insist on his giving some attention to his own wants.

This unselfishness was not, as in some men, an attainment. It was as natural to him as to breathe. The most embarrassment he ever showed, was in receiving favors.

He constantly acted as though the well being of everybody depended on his individual exertions. One of the results of this was, he had plenty to care for. The number of dependent ones in the world is vastly in excess of the number of the helpful; and the weaklings in mind, morals, or estate have a kind of instinct, by which they find out with surprising facility the rare ones, whose sympathy is of the unquestioning and unsophisticated quality. The number of the poor, halt, blind, neglected, ill-treated ones, who crossed the threshold of that home, would surprise one who was

not an inmate of the family. Nor did they wait long for the moving of the waters, for the angel always dwelt in them with healing power. Mendicant friars found as polite a reception as metropolitan bishops, and confidence men always found the latch-string of his heart in full view.

That beggar of false pretence, must have been an extraordinary bungler, who did not win his confidence. When he found himself deceived, as was generally the case, he would be somewhat indignant for a moment, and resolve that he would "never trust one of those fellows again;" but we all knew how such a resolution vanished, in the presence of the next down-cast "innocent" face, and doleful narrative of a "lost pocket-book," or "five small children." The shrewdness which was eminent when any ecclesiastical question was to be weighed, seemed to quite forsake him when the appeal was to his compassion. We often watched him with mingled vexation and amusement, when he was entering with all his soul into the tale of wondrous misfortune, which some plausible rogue was pouring into his ear, and which to a man of the world would be perfectly transparent. Nor did the loss of many dollars or the gain of disappointments ever cure him.

He never brought into his home a spirit chafed

with disappointed personal ambition. While he longed for opportunities of usefulness, and accepted offices that afforded them, he was singularly free from those aspirations for place, which in their defeat make a man morose. He never sought popularity. If our father ever felt that his own interests were involved in any public or private religious effort, he never betrayed it. Though frank in his expressions in his home with reference to the church, and the cause of Christ, we never heard him utter a word, as if he were solicitous that a discourse should reflect creditably on himself. But when Zion prospered and souls were converted, his joy was not only spoken, but sung forth in sweet humming notes, while over his studies.

The place in which he studied, was a little six feet by twelve room, scarcely large enough for his library and study-chair. His library was not very extensive, yet embraced many standard works of a value, which time has not diminished. Gill and Fuller stood side by side; while Edwards, Chalmers, and Henry joined hands. With the saintly McCheyne, he held holy converse; and Bunyan's allegories satisfied his taste for romance. On the inside of the cover of each book in his early collection was the motto,

"Virtus est melior auro."

His sermons were written sitting in an old-fashioned

green painted chair, with one of the arms spread out into a sort of tablet, only large enough to contain his Bible, Concordance, and his slip of note paper. There was also in this room the stool, a gift from one of the sisters of the church now in heaven, on which he stood to preach, when he held services on the ground now occupied by the church.

That old-fashioned chair and memorable stool will long be treasured as precious heir-looms in the family. In that chair how many hours has he sat thinking, intensely thinking, folding the wings of his soul around some passage of the word, till the letter became vitalized by the Spirit dwelling in him, and the very thought of God, warm and soul-saving, was born out of it. There he studied for fifty years.

Yet he never could endure to be shut up long in his study. He had a hankering after the presence of his family. Often he would insist upon their allowing him to be undisturbed; the study door would be resolutely shut; we would agree to keep as silent as possible; but as soon as we had got fairly settled down, and all was still, the study door would open, and out would come father to know where all the family were. In fact he was unhappy not to be among them, or at least hear the distant music of the family life.

As a parent, father fully met our wants. He had heart-affluence sufficient for a deep and equal interest in all his children's joys and sorrows. Naturally, however, circumstances would specially direct this interest. As each felt the awakening power of God's Spirit, and bowed beneath the burden of sin, and at length was brought to confess a Saviour's grace, (until all became open disciples), efforts, prayers, and rejoicing centered in the *one*. He was lovingly concerned for a daughter, whose timid conscience, oppressed with desponding views of her religious state, prevented her from making a profession of religion. When brought at last after many years of doubt to consent, that, if he thought best, she would be baptized, he joyfully wrote to her.

"MY DEAR M:—If I understand your note, you desire my sober judgment on your coming before the church, on Wednesday evening. My answer is, that, without a doubt, you ought to come; and had I one doubt on the subject of your change of heart, I would say, 'No!'—and more from the fact of your being *my child*, than if you were a stranger.

"Many of the best Christians I have known, have come out in darkness of mind. You know I have long known your state of mind. I have made it my study,

my earnest study, for years, and with much prayer. My last prayer was *just* before I heard you had decided, and I said, 'The Lord be praised, prayer is now answered!'

"I think it is plain that to come just as you are is the cross you are called to bear. Take it up at once, my child, *at once*. You must expect the enemy of your soul will hinder you, if he can. As the time draws near, he will tempt you to draw back. But listen not. Hear your Saviour say, Follow thou me; and answer, Lord, I will follow thee. After reading this, fall down and say, Lord, I will follow *thee*, depending only on thy mercy.

"Your affectionate

"FATHER."

As his children married, they established homes of their own, and sometimes at a distance. This was always a source of trouble to him. Though he received his children-in-law to full confidence, and loved them as a father, he never lost that anxious care and desire for his own. In leaving the parental roof they carried with them a father's blessing, and they *left* wide open a door in his heart, which never closed to one of them; but, yearned to welcome them back, in

the old happy spot—*The Home*, which, though not possessing the appointments of wealth and luxury, was a sunny place, full of genial good feeling and mutual love. The return of any absent one was a festival to him, and every event, joyous or grievous, must be fully reported.

The following letter was written after a visit to Watertown :

“MY DEAR ALFRED AND LIZZIE:—Your letters received to-day, with dear Mary’s, are doubly welcome from the glad tidings that a gracious God has not only visited the church with his reviving influences, but has mercifully answered your many prayers—and not yours alone—for your dear Ida and Mary. May the good Shepherd carry them in his arms, and secure them from every spiritual foe. Tell them from grandpa, to watch and pray, and thus grow in grace. Tell dear Joseph from me, that I want him to remember his Creator *now*, and give his heart to the Saviour.

“We have a little boy among our converts, only ten years old. Johnnie M——, came out once with the inquirers, not I think from sympathy. We do not hinder or advise him to go out; we are watching him with much concern. I think you or Alfred had better

talk with Joseph, and impart to him correct views of religion, and suitable encouragement. May the Lord make *him* also his child!

“Oh, am I not an honored and happy man? and does not the Lord deal with me in wonderful goodness, not only to have all my own dear children in his kingdom, but my children-in-law, and now my dear grand-children? Oh, for a heart to feel so great a mercy!

“Since Ma’s death, I feel I have nothing in this world, separate from my dear Lord’s cause and glory, to keep me, or to live for, but *my children*. My interest in them is daily increasing. Their joys are my joys, and their every pain and every tear affects me. I sometimes feel like having one great house, to have them all with me. But this is not the will of my Father in heaven. He has a house where, by grace, I trust, we all shall dwell together in a little time. * *

“Your affectionate PA.”

Our father ever maintained a dignity which commanded our entire submission to his will, and prevented trifling with him, even in word. Indeed, in all of his associations with men of different classes and in different places, his dignity was always maintained. If the adage, “Familiarity breeds contempt,” be a rule, his was an exceptional case; for it was observed, in

his ordinary intercourse with society, if, on first acquaintance, there was manifested toward him a careless, jocose manner, impressions then received changed the style of approach.

“When thou wert by,
The flippant put himself to school,
And heard thee.”

In the enforcement of parental authority he never forgot that injunction, “Parents, provoke not your children to wrath.” The government was mainly entrusted to our mother. He had rules and views peculiar to himself, which could not be set aside without incurring his displeasure. This was, however, never manifested by angry rebuke; but the expression of the eye, and the words, “My child, you’ve grieved me,” cut far deeper into our hearts than harsh expressions could. Previous conference made the will of one the will of both parents, and we never had the idea that what one refused, the other might grant.

If offence was given to either, it was never passed over; but a reserve was observed, until the fault was confessed. We were taught that this was the only respectful course for us to follow; that to do so was noble; and to avoid it, mean-spirited.

He was eminently genial and condescending among his children. We were encouraged in the happiest

merriment, by his participation, when he came into the family room for relaxation. Childhood's history teems with recollections of the many romping plays, when, for the time, the man became the boy, or allowed himself to be a much abused plaything, until, all at once, he would disentangle himself from the group, and resume the old dignity. We knew then that our noise must cease.

This playfulness would peep out sometimes in his correspondence with his children. Thus to one he writes: "I am glad you had a pleasant day at the 'Falls.' I am sorry Lizzie number two had to come home with her head covered with leaves; but tell her that her *great-great grandma* had once to be covered all over with leaves. On reading the words, 'in regard to the articles you took from Mass. belonging to us,' etc., I was startled, and yet felt as innocent as did Benjamin of old. But, sure enough, on searching, they are found in the sack!"

"Freedom within bounds" was a motto our mother gave us, with reference to our sports in the home and our privilege of inviting our youthful friends. A large family of children, engaged in one common enjoyment, must often have required patience to be exercised; for we were seldom checked; and when we look back, and remember that when at home from

school, play was pursued as a business, and trades were carried on, and fairs held, and exhibitions of oratorical and musical talent (after due preparation) before a select audience of father and mother, we wonder at the freedom and forget the bounds. We were early taught to choose our associates for their moral worth, and these were warmly welcomed, and as cheerfully entertained, as their own congenial friends. Towards our dear mother, father was the most faithful of husbands. A Quaker maiden, beautiful and gentle as the spring, he wedded her in his youth. The only times he became enthusiastic about dress were when, with sparkling eye, he used to tell us how she looked when he first led her into the village church as his bride; and, though he professed to regard "such things as vanity" in others, he could not conceal a certain gratification (call it what you will) when he told us that "the townspeople all said he had taken away the belle of Burlington." And he never ceased the chivalrous devotion of their first love, until that last moment, when she expired in his arms, while he prayed his "dear Lord to be with her in that dark valley," at whose entrance they must part.

That wife and mother—blessed be her memory—was always a noble helpmeet in his work. Until within the few last years of her life, she unobtrusively

assisted him in all departments of appropriate labor in the church. If, in his walks among the poor, father met with objects of charity; or if funds were low in the treasury of the benevolent societies, when the demand was urgent; or the church was to be refurnished; and especially when students of the church needed their wants supplied at college,—he felt, in relating the circumstance to her, that he committed the whole matter to a responsible executive committee on ways and means. At once enthusiastic and cautious, her plans were well formed, and carried out with indomitable energy. Even when she was not able to go outside of her house, to engage in benevolent enterprises, her judgment and counsel were asked. Once, when her health was so impaired that she could not leave her room, we remember her projecting an outfit for a foreign missionary, collecting much of the funds necessary, by writing to those of whose liberality she knew, and having much of the work prepared in her presence.

She was peculiarly fitted to counsel him in perplexity, to cheer him by her hopeful and buoyant spirit, when oppressed with care, and to guide the affairs of his home with discretion. Through her unwearying care and wisdom, a large family was reared in the nurture of Christ, with minds well furnished by edu-

cation, and hearts more than usually protected from the assaults of worldly temptation. She possessed a true motherly ambition that her children should be clothed outwardly and inwardly with those substantial adornments that would command the respect of society. We can never think but with admiring gratitude how many times with skilful economy she carved out of a very limited income, besides the expenses of our daily living, those little luxuries of education, or recreation, or dress, which she knew would make us happier.

Yet she was still more anxious to contribute her full share to the cause of benevolence. Christian benevolence was the prominent trait in her character. She thought, she talked, she wrote about it. A parsimonious or covetous Christian, was an enigma to her. She believed that Christians should give till they felt it, and she in her own acts lived this belief. She would sometimes say: "Oh, if people knew what a *pleasure* it is to give, I am sure they would do more of it;" then would add: "I hope I may never give grudgingly." She often expressed the fear that she did not give enough, and a few years before her death, she came to the resolution to devote one-fifth of her income to benevolence.

On the evening of June 25, 1862, she retired to her

bed, as well as usual; and, after a day of much good cheer, from pleasant letters received from absent ones, she slept quietly until twelve o'clock. At that time, she awoke, complaining of oppression at the heart, and after a half hour of severe suffering, she fell asleep in Jesus. She was conscious of the fact, that she was dying; expressed her firm trust in the righteousness of Christ; asked for strengthening grace, and commended her soul to the Lord Jesus.

Father received this great bereavement meekly, as from the Lord; not a murmur escaped him, yet we could all see what a deep shadow it had cast over his life. His children gathered around him with their affectionate ministrations, and he clung to them tenaciously, yet they could see how the empty place in that home was ever present to him. As each anniversary of her death would draw near, he would be very sad. On the first, he waited until the solemn hour had passed away, and then retired to rest. On June 26, 1864, he writes in his diary: "At midnight, last night two years ago, the dearest treasure I ever had, except the Lord Jesus Christ, my dear wife, departed very suddenly, saying: 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!'"

On the third anniversary of her death, as it was the Lord's Day, his daughter studiously avoided any allu-

sion to the subject, hoping that in the necessary preparation for that day, he might not remember it; but as he commenced his morning's sermon, many noticed him oppressed as with sorrow; the cause was soon revealed, when he referred to the memories the day awakened. The fourth anniversary he spent *with her* in heaven, entering its portals just one day previous to it.

His life at home was distinguished for its holiness. In this respect, he was in the most unguarded hours in the family-circle, the same that he was in the pulpit. He was not puritanical in his ways; there was too much of child-likeness and freedom for that. Yet an air of sacredness always seemed to us to invest him. He did not force religion upon the minds of his children in a series of duties, or by dogmatic lectures, but he mirrored it in his whole spirit and deportment, and thus made it attractive.

His devotions were never ostentatious; yet we all knew, that the prayers at family worship were only a part of the time he spent in intercourse with heaven.

Prayer was his resort in every event. If he was especially happy, he went away to pray. If harassed with more than ordinary anxiety, he sought rest in prayer. If affliction was in the family or distress in

the city, he carried the matter to the throne of grace; and this, with the *Word*, which he made his daily contemplation, often refreshed his soul when it was very weary, and bore him as on eagle's pinions through his overwhelming cares and labors.

CHAPTER X.

THE SUNSET.

THE closing years of Dr. Kennard's life were like an October sunset, when the sky is cloudless above, while from the crimson west the setting sun smiles brightly on the woods, that seem to burn with an unconsuming and prismatic flame. His leaf faded not in a dull and crackling decay; but with its verdure ripening into purple and gold. The last two years were full of happiness and full of usefulness.

Immediately after the twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Church, January, 1863—with which we closed the second chapter—the windows of heaven were again opened, and a blessed revival was enjoyed. He writes, March 13th: “The good work goes on very pleasantly. It is gradual, calm, and steady. Some forty persons have manifested soul anxiety, and I think the prospect is as good now as at any period since the work began. It is delightful to see so many of the

children of the members of the Church seeking the Lord; and to me more so, from the fact that dear 'Ma' had her heart set on this, and before her death wrote a list of their names, and told me I would yet reap a harvest from them." That year he had the pleasure of baptizing sixty converts.

His closing years were also brightened by the increasing devotion of his church-members to his happiness. During Christmas week of 1863, they paid him a very pleasant visit, which he thus notices in his diary:

"*December 29.*—A visit of my people of a most 'surprising' character. My house was occupied by a quiet crowd, before I had a thought on the subject. All happy, some one hundred and seventy-five in number. Dr. J. made an address, and presented me five hundred and thirty dollars. The Lord be praised, more for their love, than for their money."

The next year he writes to his children of another pleasant surprise, when, after a prayer-meeting, the congregation was requested to remain, and another five hundred was presented, accompanied by a set of resolutions, gravely read by one of the deacons, wherein several serious charges of too great devotion to the church, were brought against him, and he was, on motion, unanimously judged guilty. His last

Christmas festival was made the occasion of like demonstrations of affection. More than any thing else, however, did he appreciate the deep sympathy which his people evinced toward him, at the great affliction into which he was plunged by the death of Mrs. Kennard. By every delicate attention did they testify their reverence for her memory, and desire to soothe his stricken heart. Indeed, their relation was that of children to a father; and filial love could do no more than theirs.

To the end of his ministry he enjoyed the privilege of preaching to a very large audience, and with pleasure to himself. He writes, Oct. 22, 1864: "Our dear old house, with its old pastor, is becoming antiquated. But still the people come. The morning congregation presents a glorious sight to those that aim to win souls to Christ and salvation." Again in Sept., 1864: "Our own congregations are very good, and the preacher is thought to improve,—for which, in my opinion, there is much room. Seriously, I have cause to be thankful that while my head allows but little study, I have had unusual liberty in preaching." Dec. 21, 1864: "Preaching never appeared more precious to me than now, nor ever more free."

The last work of grace in which he was permitted to reap a harvest of souls, was during the winter and

spring previous to his departure. He writes of this awakening: "Many of the members are reviving, much to my joy; and backsliders mourn their folly in departing from the living God. I expect to baptize ten or twelve next Lord's Day."

His interest also in the cause at large was earnest to the end. The last session of the Philadelphia Association which he attended, was in 1865. It was held in the Fifth Church. The Conference Meeting on Thursday evening, was, as usual, crowded; and great fervor marked the exercises. Just as the meeting was about to close, he arose and came to the platform and spoke, evidently struggling with strong emotion. He referred to his early connection with that venerable body. All the pastors, then members of it, had gone to the church above, while he stood there alone; but to the praise of God, with better health and strength than when he first united with them; for then so frail was his body, that he trembled when he stood up to preach. He blessed God, for the growth of the Association, for the good that had been accomplished, and especially for the establishment of this Thursday evening meeting. He said, that the want of such spiritual element in the regular arrangement, had forcibly impressed his mind; and that shortly after connecting himself with the body, he proposed

that the last evening of each session should be devoted to free conference and prayer. This was ruled out of order, when Dr. Staughton, who sat near him, rose, and with peculiar manner and eloquent tones, said: "Mr. Moderator, if there be any rules in the Constitution of this Association that forbid my young brother introducing that resolution, burn them, sir, burn them!" The proposition was then successfully sustained by a powerful champion, and ever since has been observed to the great profit of the churches.

Then with a quick transition to the present time, Dr. Kennard said: "You have resolved in compliance with a request from my people to meet with them one year from this time. I hope the Lord will meet with you on that occasion, and bless you; *but I feel impressed I shall not be with you then, that I shall not join you in those services.*"

Then followed affectionate words of parting advice to his younger brethren in the ministry, and to the delegates from the churches, to seek a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and the hope that a wonderful work of conversion might be witnessed, though he might not live to see it. Deep emotion was visible on every face, and many wept while hearing these words, which proved to be his last in that body. The Moderator and other brethren feelingly responded. His presen-

timent foreshadowed the fact. This was indeed his farewell. When the Association met the following year in the Tenth Church, they found the house draped in mourning, and a flock bereft of its shepherd.

On the occasion of his sixty-seventh birthday, April 24th, 1865, it happened that there was a general home-coming of his family. Every child and every grand-child was there, twenty in all; the only absent one was Rev. Mr. Patton, detained by official duties. It was determined to make the occasion one of more than ordinary pleasure; and arrangements to that end were made, quite unknown to him. In the evening, after supper, he, having quite forgotten that it was his birthday, was about to retire to his study, when a son-in-law persuaded him into the parlor. Then, as each of his daughters came in arrayed in holiday attire, he expressed his wonder. When they answered, "Don't you remember, Pa, it is your birth-night?" it rather amused him that they should take so much trouble for that. While chatting pleasantly, the voices of the grand-children were heard in the hall, singing,

"We are coming, dearest grandpa,
On this thy natal day."

In they came in single file procession, the oldest

grandson bearing a little banner of their own contrivance, with "*Viva dear Grandpa*" printed on it. Grandpa rose to meet him as they came toward him, each one, down to a toddling baby, bearing a gift. With tender love, he gave a kiss and a blessing to each. Then the children presented their tokens and claimed the same reward. All now joined in a song of greeting composed for the occasion, by the eldest son-in-law, and while singing the last verse, standing in a group around the room, the eldest child advancing, placed a wreath of evergreen upon his head. Then with patriarchal grace and deep emotion, he stood and addressed us, praising his children for their devotion to him, and thanking God for a life so happy as his had been, his voice trembling as he referred to the dear one in heaven. With bright hopes we parted, never all to meet again.

Of his last birthday, only a few weeks before he passed away, he writes to his daughter in Utica:

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—Your love-token for my birthday came safe to hand. Very beautiful, and grateful to my heart. Many similar ones have been received from dear ones at home. * * * * Why all this to a poor sinner sixty-eight years old? Thank the Lord for hearts to love me! * * * * I bap-

tized seven last Lord's Day; and Spencer, eighteen in his church, in the presence of a great crowd. I have been sad in view of J's. leaving, but your visit and cheerful spirit comforted me very much."

A daughter and son-in-law had shortly before this been, in the providence of God, removed to Albany. They had been very active and efficient in the Tenth Church, and he severely felt their loss. The spirit of resignation blended with parental yearning, shows itself in a letter dated May 22:

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—I have been anxious that my first letter directed to you should be cheerful. *
* * * That we may daily meet at a throne of grace most of all, should indeed make me happy. But I fear nothing will make me so—in my earthly condition—in the absence of my loved and loving children. In view of abounding goodness to me, in so many ways, and especially in the fact of all my children and some of my grand-children loving Christ, I ought to be happy. But call it ungrateful on my part, or call it my infirmity, my weakness, my extreme fondness,—I own it all, but the fact remains, * *
* * I cheer myself with the hope that you will by and by return to me again. Though I may never realize it, I will hope on. If my dear Lord will give

me to have my children near me before I die, it shall be new cause for praise to his name. * * * Let me entreat you to take special care of your health, which with me is a great concern. Write me the promised letter.

“From Your Loving

“PA.”

In one of his last letters to the writer, he says: “It has been a cherished object with me, since your mother’s death, to have my children near me. I suppose I am excessive in the desire; I hope not rebellious. When A—— was to leave W., I did hope he would come nearer me, and so when you left Woburn. Travelling to me is distressing; age is coming on me, and *time must be short*. I shall not be able to visit my children much. Did I love you all less, it would not affect me so much. My children are very precious to me. They are my chief earthly comfort. I thank God for those within my house. Since ma’s death they have shed much light on my gloom, and added to my joy. May the good Lord spare them to me!

“Pray for me, my dear son, that I may submit to my heavenly Father’s ways and thoughts. May you all, my dear children, be spared! Live near Christ; serve his cause, and by and by may we be a whole family in heaven.”

About the same time he wrote the following to a grandson, showing his deep anxiety for the spiritual good of his absent ones :

“ MY DEAR GRANDSON : I was very glad to receive your very affectionate and welcome letter. In reply, need I say *I love you*, and I feel anxious for your advancement in a religious life ? You know it is written, ‘ Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ ; ’ ‘ Hold fast the profession of your faith, without wavering.’ May the Lord bless you, and, as we sing, be ‘ ever near, ever dear.’

“ Our Youths’ meeting is very good, and we get on better than I feared. * * * Remember me to brother Spencer, to Pa, and dear Ma.

“ Your affectionate

“ GRANDPA.”

His last few months were much cheered by the presence in his home of our mother’s sister, Mrs. Brady, of New York, for whom he had a warm affection. The following letter from her to the daughters refers to this period :

“ August 31, 1866.

“ MY DEAR GIRLS : Many times I have written to you in my mind, but did not commit to paper. Oh,

how I live over again the pleasant, happy days I spent with you!—happy beyond expectation. I am not unmindful of our visits, and the beautiful ride. You will remember, my dear Beulah, how we were struck with the sudden and sublime sight, of a wonderful rainbow; and yet it could not be called that. I never saw anything like it. It stood in the air so near us; the overhanging clouds that surrounded it, edged it with rich colors of surpassing beauty. It called forth the exclamation from your now sainted father, ‘It seems like a monument of glory.’ I think he saw more of its glory than I was permitted to see.

“Noman, I think, could live a more beautiful Christian life than he did. His devotion to the church; his love and sympathy for the poor and afflicted, how great! Many times during my visit of weeks to you, I have seen him come in wearied, tired out, yet uncomplaining. On one occasion, I think it was on the last Saturday afternoon, I said: ‘Brother, you look greatly fatigued, I think you are doing too much.’ He answered: ‘Sister, if I had the money some have I would make some widows’ and orphans’ hearts sing for joy, in less than twenty-four hours.’ I thought how he walks in the steps of his Lord and Master. He then told me of the suffering he had seen, from want and sickness. * * * One evening in the

Youths' Meeting is fresh in my mind. After preaching, the children sang a beautiful hymn, then he *sat* and talked to them of the joys of heaven, his countenance so lighted up, his face seemed to shine, he was so filled with the Spirit. And while contemplating his Christian life, I said musingly, 'How many stars will he wear in his crown?' I did not think he was so soon to realize his victory.

"A day or two before leaving, in conversation I remarked: 'You have been singularly blest.' He said: 'Yes, I don't believe I have my parallel on earth; all I want is a grateful heart.'

"The last sermon I heard was from the text, 'How much owest thou my Lord?' He spoke of the debt of the church. In the afternoon I said, 'I think you are anxious to have the church out of debt, that when you are called up higher, you can leave it as a sort of legacy to your people.' He replied: 'I hope to live to see it out of debt, and then, if I should live two years more, I will be seventy, and the church thirty years old. Then I want to have a jubilee, and I want you to be here.' * * *

"Your affectionate aunt,

"R. B."

His incessant labors for so many years were seldom

interrupted by sickness. His longest illness was from an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. This was during the winter of 1841-2, while a delightful revival was in progress. His bodily sufferings were intensified by the fact, that he must be absent from his usual post at such a time. For a while his life was despaired of, but a gracious God heard the prayer of an anxious people, and he was raised from his sick-bed, and permitted again to minister at the altar.

The extreme heat of summer always diminished his strength, especially in the last few years of his life. The cool autumn revived him, and he was ready for the winter's campaign. But a resolute will, not to succumb to circumstances, had led him into errors with respect to his powers of endurance, which grieved those who feared that his life, so precious to them, would be sacrificed.

On one occasion, while suffering from an attack of rheumatism, which completely disabled him, a special service was to be held at the church. He formed a secret resolve to attend it; and with this purpose in view, persuaded his wife to help him to dress. She left him somewhat comfortable in an easy chair; but on her coming back, found him sitting half-way down the stair-way, pale and distressed, very willing to be assisted back into his bed. He had slipped himself

from step to step, with what acute suffering was only shown by his countenance, and the profuse perspiration which covered him. He had thus intended to show that he was able to be present at the service.

At another time when he over-estimated his strength, he fainted in the pulpit, and the wish sometimes expressed, rather to die in that sacred place, than be laid aside from active service, came very near a literal fulfilment. Overwork and care for so many years caused him to suffer from acute attacks of headache. Otherwise he seemed to increase in health and strength with years. The last two were especially free from protracted sickness. He went on energetically with his work, and his labors were never more abundant or successful. But it was the burning up of the candle just before it went out.

On Lord's Day evening, June 24, 1866, he went over to the majority. He disappeared into the light. On the Sunday previous to his death he preached from the text: "What is thy beloved more than another beloved?" Song of Solomon v. 9,—a sermon of unusual power. He greatly enjoyed his theme, and while speaking of the excellency of Christ, as the King of saints, he stopped, and requested some Sunday-school scholars to sing the hymn with the chorus:

"We love to sing around our King,
And hail him blessed Jesus,"

which request was immediately complied with, and added to the tender impressions of the hour. He then rose, and with touching pathos, spoke of Christ as the loving husband of the church, urged his claims to supremacy, and with rapturous tones exclaimed as he closed: "This is my beloved, this is my friend!"

In the evening of that day, just before service, a little choir of Sunday-school girls, whose singing had often soothed him, concluded, in passing the house, to come in and surprise him. The pastor being up stairs at his studies, they stole quietly into the parlor, and began singing his favorite hymn—

"There is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven."

The melody was wafted softly up to the room above, and in a moment more the well-known step of the pastor was on the stairs. Immediately he was with them, his eye beaming with tender love; and as he sat in his arm-chair, with shut eyelids, they sang for nearly an hour the sacred songs that were so dear to him. That evening he preached from the text: "The judge standeth at the door." It was a stormy night, and

the services were held in the lecture-room. Those who were present remember it as a most solemn and impressive appeal. He remarked, during the sermon, that he wished to speak to them with all the earnestness and solemnity, that he would manifest if it were his last sermon.

The following week he was in his usual health, and hard at work in his Master's vineyard. At midnight of Saturday he was attacked with severe pains in the breast. His groans awoke his daughter in the adjoining room, who applied remedies, which relieved him. The first rays of the sun on Sunday morning found him up and at his studies.

He prepared a discourse to preach from the words, "The Sabbath was made for man." It was at a time when the sanctity of the day was being invaded by the attempt to run the city passenger cars. He was intensely interested in the matter. He dreaded anything which would tend to break down the day of rest, and was one of the foremost among those earnest men of the city, who determined to enlighten and elevate the tone of public sentiment on the subject. It was for this purpose he had prepared the sermon, with more than ordinary care. Feeling improved in health, he determined to preach. He took his bath, and ate his breakfast as usual. Afterward, walking in the gar-

den, and remembering the habit of an absent daughter to gather a morning bouquet, he said to one, then with him, "I must have a bouquet for B—— in the parlor." With the sudden desire, he began to collect from bush and vine, and the bunch was tied by his own hands.

He was urged to send for help, and not attempt the services of the day; for, though relieved of pain, he was weak, and seemed exhausted with his morning studies. But no persuasion availed; he said, "If I never preach another sermon, I will preach this, for I know it is needed." But "man proposes, God disposes." He came down stairs, and was sitting in the parlor, fifteen minutes before service commenced, ready with the sermon in the pocket of his coat (where it was found after his death) to go over to his church, which was nearly opposite his dwelling, when the pain of the previous night returned, and he was obliged to yield to his daughter's entreaties, and allow her to send, at the last moment, for his old friend, Dr. Winter, to preach, and for his physician to prescribe for him. The pain was of a spasmodic character, and was quickly subdued by anodynes, but his physician's orders were for him to go to his room, and entire quiet to be observed. Excepting a few hours' rest on the bed, he preferred the rocking-chair, and was unwilling to consider himself sick. He suffered but little discomfort during

the day, except from heat. In the afternoon occurred the monthly missionary meeting of the Sunday-school. Always happy in being there, he felt a great desire to go over to it, and only consented to remain at home after obtaining the promise that they would give him a minute account of all that occurred. His feelings at this time were cheerful and genial; disappointed, indeed, in not being permitted to fulfil his desires; but touched pleasantly with the gentle restraints which the love of his family and friends imposed, he yielded gracefully to their anxiety, and spent the afternoon quietly in his rocking-chair. During the afternoon, Dr. Winter, the friend of his youth and intimate companion in the ministry, came in. He had preached for him in the morning. As he entered the room he greeted him as he was accustomed by his first name, "Well, Thomas, come and sit down by me." Then laying his hand affectionately on his knee he said, "Now tell me about the sermon this morning; I know you gave them sound doctrine; how did you enjoy it yourself? Tell me all about it." His friend replied in a pleasant strain, and departed. He was not permitted to see the many loving friends that called to inquire; but a deacon he wished to talk with, in reference to an engagement to attend a funeral the next morning, and a few minutes of affectionate conversa-

tion passed. Then a few charges must be given, with respect to the approaching excursion on Tuesday, to an officer of the Sunday-school who called. "Be sure you see that none of the children get injured; have the swings well secured, &c." "Well, pastor, I hope you will be able to go with us, and that next Sunday you will preach us that sermon you wished to give us this morning." With cheerful farewell, they passed out of the room.

The summer sun was just setting; the sacred day was closing, fitting time for the termination of the days' work of such a harvest toiler.

To his daughter he then remarked, that he thought the heat grew more oppressive. She replied, "I do not think so; but you are weak, and I will bring you some food." She went down stairs for this purpose; but during the time of descending that stair-way, death had entered the room she left, and claimed the fulfilment of that dread sentence passed upon all. Nay, rather, "those who saw the smile, he passed away in, said, He looks as he had awoke and seen the face of Christ, and with a rapturous smile held out his arms to come to him." He was not alone when this change took place. A young friend, who had been invited to remain with the family, to attend evening service, was with him. Hearing him say he was warm,

she rose and offered to fan him. His last words were, "My child, I fear you are wearying yourself." She replied, "Not at all," when she observed his face contract as with pain. She said, "Pastor, does that pain trouble you again?" He did not answer. She looked and wondered; then called to his daughters, "Come quickly." Hastening to the room, what a sight met their eyes! A father lifeless! Restoratives were applied, and a neighboring physician sent for. He came, but said, "He is gone; but don't grieve—don't repine; I never saw anything so beautiful in my life. *It is a translation!*" There he sat in the rocking-chair, invested with wrapper and slippers, both arms lay gently supported, his feet in an easy position on a foot-stool, looking just as comfortable, and with as calm face, as if in quiet slumber.

God did not withhold "from him the request of his lips," for he had desired that he might be exempted from protracted physical suffering at the time of death. That very afternoon, while talking with a married daughter, who had remained that day at the old home, he said, "Your mother could bear great suffering; I used to wonder at her endurance; she was very brave; but oh! how I shrink from it! I don't believe I could endure patiently." There was another fear he had; only a few weeks before he died, he said, "Sometimes

in thinking of death, I try to imagine myself lying on my bed, and my children around me, and I attempting to bid each farewell, and I can't bring myself to it; I feel I cannot do it; I don't know how I may feel at the time, but now it seems impossible."

How applicable these words of another :

*"Sudden as thought is the death I would die;
I would suddenly lay my shackles by;
Nor bear a single glance at parting,
Nor see a tear of sorrow starting,
Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,
Nor feel the hands of love that press me,
Nor the frame with mortal terror shaking,
Nor the heart where love's soft bands are breaking.*

*"So would I die!
All bliss, without a pang to cloud it;
All joy, without a pain to shroud it;
Not slain, but caught up, as it were,
To meet my Saviour in the air!
Oh, how bright were the realms of light
Bursting at once upon my sight!*

*Even so I long to go,
Those parting hours, how sad and slow!"*

*"His voice grew faint, and fixed his eye,
As if gazing on visions of ecstasy;
The hue of his cheeks and lips decayed;
Around his mouth a sweet smile played.*

They looked—he was dead!

*His spirit had fled,
Painless and swift as his own desire;*

His soul undressed, from her mortal vest,
Had stepped into her car of heavenly fire,
And proved how bright
Were the realms of light
Bursting at once upon the sight."

To picture what followed in the twilight of that sacred day is impossible. The loved friend who had left him with cheerful pleasantry a few hours before, now, receiving word of the sad event, came back into that room, and embracing the lifeless form, exclaimed in the agony of bereavement, "Joseph! Joseph! can this be possible!"

He was gently lifted to his bed, and there he lay, just as he breathed his last. The news reached the lecture-room of the church. There was a group of members collected for prayer, previous to the evening service, and already the congregation had begun to wend their way to the sanctuary, hoping even, that they might hear him as usual. Silently, but with an impulse which could not be restrained, they left, and sought his chamber. The door of his house could not be closed against them. It was the involuntary act of those that felt they sought their own, and not the intrusion of curiosity. It was a solemn and a sublime sight—that coming in and going out of loved members for two long twilight hours, with muffled tread and silent lips, to look upon their dead.

On the afternoon of Thursday, the 28th day of June, venerable men lifted upon their shoulders the coffined remains and bore them from the home to the church. Such a scene as met the eye, as the procession passed along, is seldom witnessed. A dense mass of people filled the street, and crowded around the church door. "One of the most affecting sights I ever saw," says one of the ministers, "was these men and women weeping in the street." Amid the hush of death, only broken by the choir chanting a plaintive dirge, the imposing cortege passed up the aisle and deposited the coffin near the pulpit. The service was conducted by his old friend and brother, Rev. Thos. Winter, D. D. Appropriate selections of Scripture were read by Rev. D. W. Bartine, D.D., of the M. E. Church, and the Rev. Richard Newton, D.D., of the Episcopal Church, offered prayer.

Dr. Winter then spoke. After referring to the fact that four years before, almost to a day, he had officiated at the funeral of the companion of his deceased brother in that place, he said :

"To-day I am called to stand over the precious remains of the husband—the father—the pastor—the friend himself, as suddenly called away. * *

"Every indication betokens that an event of unu-

sual interest has occurred among us. The signs are true to the fact. Such an event has occurred—one which has powerfully struck the finest cords of thousands of hearts, and awakened the deepest sympathy. This unusual, almost unprecedented, coming together of so many of the ministers of Jesus Christ, solemnity resting on every countenance; the sable drapery stretching around this sacred place; and more, this immense concourse of the wise and the good, disciples, mostly, of a common Saviour,—all bear witness that an event of no common character has strongly touched the public heart. A great and good man has fallen in God's Israel—has fallen in the field of Christian conflict with his armor on. * * * *

“Much will be said, and truly and justly said, in praise of Dr. Kennard, and much written. His fervent piety; his amiable, engaging spirit; his benevolent heart; his catholic charity; his friendly sympathies; his consistent, unblemished life; his untiring and self-sacrificing labors for the highest good of others; and the wonderful success with which God has crowned those labors through a ministry of nearly fifty years,—all will be the theme of warm and deserved commendation and praise.

“But the word I desire in this connection to say is, that could our deceased brother reply to these words

of praise, just though the words may be, he would, from his inmost soul, say, 'Brethren, by the grace of God I am what I am. I was a poor, lost sinner in myself. I found no refuge from guilt and ruin but in the atoning blood of my Lord and my God. He was all my hope; he is now all my joy. I am a sinner saved by grace—sovereign, free, and eternal. And as to the measure of success with which God has honored my ministry, the excellency of the power has been all of God, and to God be all the praise.' * *

Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, D. D., addressed a few pertinent words to the church, reminding them of the worth and distinctive excellence of their departed pastor, and concluded with some words of consolation to the bereaved family.

Rev. Thos. Brainerd, D. D., of the Presbyterian Church, then said: *

"The brother who has just taken his seat complains of the poverty of human language—but that does not concern us to-day. We assemble within these walls—this great crowd, to-day—not to listen to what men can say, but to meditate upon what God hath done.

* We append his remarks at length, not only from the fact of its being a tribute from one of another denomination, but because, only a few months after, he himself, with equal suddenness, was called away to his crown. This gives to these utterances a touching significance.

God hath taken very much from his poor servants to-day, the responsibility of instruction, and hath himself undertaken the work by his own solemn and touching providence. We are all oppressed, as we come here, because nothing that we can say will approximate to the delicacy of the obligation which has brought us together. I suppose that my presence here as a spokesman is to be attributed to this fact—that I am among the old ministers of the city of Philadelphia, and that I belong to a different denomination from that to which the departed belonged.

“I met Dr. Kennard twenty-nine years ago, at the death-bed of one of his relatives, when he and I were in the prime of early manhood. I have known him ever since—not as his brethren of the same denomination might know him; for I have seldom met him in the field of his own specific and denominational labor; but I have met him often, and almost everywhere in this city, where there was a general council of the people of God for well doing, and a general office of prayer for the descent of the Holy Spirit; and I would say here, that while I endorse every thing that those who have spoken at this meeting have said of Dr. Kennard, I feel bound to express my special admiration of the man that was loyal ever to his own denomination, zealous ever in doing good through the me-

dium of his own denomination, and yet ready on all occasions and everywhere, with a living and loving charity, to combine for good with all that love the Lord Jesus Christ.

“ Our departed brother, I may say here, was a great man. With God, greatness is goodness; and that is the highest nobility of a human life that best accomplishes life’s noblest purposes. You will remember that in St. Paul’s, in London, over one of the large doors, is the name of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of that noble pile, and under it is this sentence, ‘If you ask for his monument, look around you.’ I might say, with regard to this temple, reared with sacrifice and labor, here is his monument. I might say of the general prevalence in this district of the city of a higher moral tone everywhere, this is his monument. I might say of those hundreds gathered here that look to him as a spiritual father, and who, as he rises before them, cry as Elisha cried, ‘My father, my father,’ these are his monuments. I might say of the encouragement which he has given us all of all denominations, of the strength which he has imparted to every good cause among us, these are the abiding monuments of this good man.

“ We have sorrow here to-day, my brethren. Those of us that are advanced in life can ill afford to part

with companions that have walked long and lovingly with us. We have sorrow here to-day; for earth can little afford to lose one that so faithfully exhibited God's truth, and that so persuasively besought the Holy Spirit to give a moral resurrection to the dead. We sorrow to-day that when the world so much needs such a man, he no longer stands by our side. That which has made heaven brighter has made earth darker—and yet the Judge of all the earth does that which is right.

“But while we sorrow to-day, it is with a very alleviating sorrow. I confess that I can hardly imagine a history more perfect. To have given his heart to God in the freshness of his early youth; to have entered early, and efficiently, and successfully, on the ministry of Jesus; to have had general health for labor, and almost constant success in winning souls; to have a temperament so amiable as to have the love of all; to have preached the gospel from the freshness of youth until gray hairs; and then, as has been well said, to have died with the harness on, at the end of a happy and useful life, in his own dwelling, surrounded by those that loved him, with a cherished son trained by his fidelity to preach the gospel when the father's lips were silent; to have died with the love of Christ and in charity with mankind; to have died without

pain, and been followed by the tears of the good and the benedictions of the lovers of Christ. Ah! there can be nothing better than this that this poor earth can give.

“You know I make no pretence to any particular charity—I am a thorough Presbyterian—but I never speak in a Baptist church without some very tender reminiscences. When I was a little boy of nine years old, I stood at the dying bed of a pious mother—an old-fashioned, Regular Baptist. She blessed me before departing, and said this in my hearing,—‘I take my staff and travel on to fairer worlds than this.’ And Brother Kennard has gone from these weeping children, these touched and grieved church members, these loved brethren,—he has gone to that fairer world on high, where

‘The pilgrim reposes, the fields are all green;
Where day never closes, nor clouds intervene.
Oh, the sights they see there, such as eye hath not seen!
Oh, the songs they sing there, with hosannas between.’”

After singing by the choir, the Rev. P. S. Henson, of the Broad Street Baptist Church, spoke tenderly of the departed, and of the loss which the younger ministry had sustained:

“I remember how, when, only a few years ago, I

came to this city and looked about me, half-frightened at the strange faces that I every where encountered, there was one face that beamed with kindly greeting, there was one hand that was extended warmly to grasp my own, there was one arm that was thrown about me, strong, loving. And when trouble or perplexity came, I felt that I could go to Brother Kennard, or have him come to my house, and talk to him with the greatest profit. I felt sure of his sympathy—the sympathy of his great, warm, loving heart, and the counsel of his clear understanding. He was my friend—he was every body's friend. Every body felt so."

* * * * *

Rev. Geo. D. Boardman, D. D., led in prayer, and then an opportunity was given to the congregation in the house and the crowds that had patiently waited in the street, through the long service, to take a final farewell. What a sight it was! What sobs and tears! What numbers of little children that had to be lifted up to kiss the face that beamed for them! What numbers of widows and poor persons! Of thin, careworn faces, and rusty garments, there were not a few. How many hands, rough and wrinkled with hard work, were laid softly on his forehead! How many, draped in mourning, darkened the scene!

For a long, long while they came, and looked, and

passed; and then he was borne from the house to the cemetery, where he was laid by the side of his "dearest earthly treasure," gently to rest till the day dawn and the shadows flee away.

Over his dust the church have erected a Corinthian column as a symbol of his character and work—as a pillar in God's spiritual temple. On one side of the plinth is inscribed:

JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D.,
Twenty-eight years Pastor of the Tenth Baptist
Church.

On the other:

FOR FIFTY YEARS AN AMBASSADOR OF HEAVEN.
Pure in Life—Abounding in Labors—God crowned
him with Great Success, and the People
with their Reverence.

We have not space to include all of the tributes that were paid to the memory of Dr. Kennard, in pulpit and press, by associations, churches, and conventions of various denominations. Had we space to do so, we think that every word that has been written in this memoir would be more than substantiated. It was remarked by many, that probably at the death of no other minister had such a wave of ingenuous sorrow

swept over the community of Philadelphia, nor the expressions of love and veneration been more unanimous. We cannot refrain from closing with a very beautiful tribute of appreciation from the organ of the Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, written by Rev. Dr. Mears :

“A saint of God, an epistle known and read of all men, has suddenly been translated from this world to one infinitely holier and better. We dare not lament his departure, however deep and tender our Christian regard. We are sure he was living through these months past, quite on the verge of his heavenly home ; and it was the very reflection of its glory that shone in his countenance, that dwelt in his tones, that gave unearthly fervor and inexpressible yearning to his prayers in the daily union meetings, and that drew all hearts towards him in such warm affection.

“We have not met with an instance, in our life in this city, where all other personal feelings seemed so completely merged in the love of Christ, the sense of Christian brotherhood, and zeal for perishing sinners, as in the intercourse of Dr. Kennard with his brethren of other denominations, in these union prayer-meetings. He may truly be described as the central figure there. Never, while memory performs its office, can we forget that venerable form, that heavenly expres-

sion of countenance, those pleading, tearful tones that went straight to the heart, as he testified to the unwonted joys of his soul in those sweet hours of communion; as he plead with impenitent sinners; as he brought glad news of the Holy Spirit's work in various parts of the land; or declared his overflowing love for the brethren of different denominations with whom he rejoiced to commune at these meetings. Never can we forget the rapt ardor and importunity of his prayers for the outpouring of the Spirit in large measure upon this city. They seemed to besiege the very gates of heaven; and he more than once declared his conviction that they, and those of others, would be answered in a great work of grace here in the coming fall. He looked forward to that period with joyful anticipations; he did not know that he was so near to a higher work and a higher joy.

“Indeed, it does not seem unnatural that he should go; so near he seemed to be living, and so closely communing, with the things and the interests of eternity while here. Narrow indeed must have been the river over which he crossed. To adopt the words of Bunyan—‘And now was he, as it were, in heaven before he came to it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing their melodious notes. Here also he had the city itself in view, and thought

he heard all the bells therein to ring to welcome him thereto. But above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that he had about his own dwelling there with such company, and that forever and ever! Oh, by what tongue or pen can his glorious joy be expressed! Thus he came up to the gate.' ”

SERMONS
AND
MISCELLANIES.

NOTE.

THE few papers which follow are included in this volume as mementoes, especially to his church, of their pastor's work. The sermons are notes taken at the moment of delivery, and are of course, fragmentary. The two other papers have reference to subjects that greatly interested him, and on which he was thought to speak with special ability.

SERMON I.

DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY.

"The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof. Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."—Psalm xcvi. 1, 2.

THE theme of our present discourse is glorious, and yet so profound that I approach it with awe. To venture here is like launching a frail bark upon a fathomless, shoreless ocean. What can unaided reason do in determining the divine procedure of God, as the universal sovereign? "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is high as heaven: what canst thou do? deeper than hell: what canst thou know?"—Job xi. 7, 8.

Yet with the Bible as chart and compass, I venture on this great deep. Oh! may the Holy Spirit guide my way! I do not presume to explain all that relates to this sublime subject. Questions may arise during this discourse, which neither man nor angel can answer. But I trust to open and explain the doctrine, so as to aid the humble seeker after truth, and remove stumbling-blocks, occasioned by a misconception of its nature. The text teaches:

I. Divine Sovereignty—"The Lord reigneth."

II. That, whatsoever obscurity rests upon the doctrine, it is

founded in righteousness—"clouds and darkness are round about him; but 'righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.'"

III. That Divine Sovereignty is a source of joy to all intelligent existence.

I. We will now consider the first proposition, "The Lord reigneth."

Divine Sovereignty consists in the absolute control, or power, of God over all his creatures, animate or inanimate, in heaven or in earth, to manage and dispose of them according to his own will. This is necessarily true from God's nature. He is infinite in knowledge and wisdom, and he only. No other being has the attributes of God. With him is the origin of all things, as we read in 1 Cor. viii. 6,—“But to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things.” There can be but one supreme authority. This is true in human government. If, therefore, the universe is under government, God alone is sovereign. He ruleth by his power forever. He is Judge over all the earth. In support of this truth, let me refer you to the following selections from the word of God. “The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.”—Ps. ciii. 19. “The Lord shall reign forever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations.”—Ps. cxlvi. 10. “Who will say unto him, ‘What doest thou?’”—Job ix. 12. “But our God is in the heavens; he hath done whatsoever he hath pleased.”—Ps. cxv. 3. “Who would not fear thee, O King of nations?”—Jer. x. 7. “His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion is from generation to generation:” “And he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of earth; and none can stay his hand or say unto him, ‘What doest thou?’”—

Dan. iv. 3, 35. Read also the description of God's sovereign power in Ps. xxxiii. 6th to 12th verses.

The sovereignty of God manifests itself in various acts, or decrees. As a Sovereign possessed of infinite knowledge, the whole scheme or plan of universal government was before him from all eternity, with all that ever could result from his doings. What God would do and how he would do it were all settled from eternity. So far as relates to us, the creation of the world, with all its wonders, was his first decree. "The builder of all things is God." This was performed in the person of his Son by whom "He made the worlds." In resolving to make his character known, God counselled in eternity with his Son and the Holy Spirit, and hence we read, "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness."

The second decree of God relates to a universal providence. "Known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world."—Acts xv. 18. The wisdom that planned all things, directs all things, from the mission of an angel to the fall of a sparrow. "Oh! the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God; how unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out!" "Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven." "They continue this day according to thy ordinance."

The arrangements of his government are complete from the most minute to the greatest. The death of Jesus Christ illustrates the fact that nothing takes place but what is known to God. Though wicked men in the malignity of their hearts put Christ to death, acting as free agents, yet we are told, that he was "delivered by the determinate counsel of God."—Acts ii. 23. It came within the arrangement of his providential government. God allows wicked men to plan mischief

and sometimes to exhibit the vileness of their hearts, but "by him the counsels of the wicked are brought to naught," and he can make "the wrath of man to praise him."

Redemption is the third decree which we shall notice—redemption through the sacrifice of Christ. The covenant of grace was formed in eternity. What a glorious contemplation! It is pre-eminently the decree of God, the Triune God, clothed with sovereignty. Who but God himself could or would have provided such a sacrifice to bring back to their allegiance a rebellious portion of his creation? If the stupendous thought had agitated the mind of Gabriel, the loftiest angel, he would not have ventured to suggest such a plan. No, the angels of God cannot fully comprehend this wonderful decree, but desire to look into it.

Before the fall of man, the sovereignty of God was manifested in the preservation of some of the angelic host from the dreadful rebellion. His sovereignty is also shown in passing "rebellious angels by to rescue fallen man." All we can say is that it was all of grace—

"Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps, that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan."

"Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."
"What we know not now, we shall know hereafter." "By grace are ye saved." Rich, free, sovereign grace! It is by the good will of God that we are saved from hell. He sent his Son, prepared a body for him, and delivered him up for us all. Christ came to do the will of the Father—to suffer instead of the guilty! Oh! the mystery of godliness! Who can fathom it?

II. Whatever obscurity rests upon the doctrine, it is founded in righteousness—"Clouds and darkness are round about him, but righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."

That obscurity rests upon the divine sovereignty in its operations and results, is not a matter of wonder, when we consider the greatness of God, and our insignificance. We should not forget that "secret things belong unto God." And we know that, while accepting the doctrine, Paul himself stood in awe, not able fully to comprehend it.

Of things hard to be understood in connection with this subject, we may notice, first, the origin of moral evil, the fall of angels and man, with the admission that God is infinitely wise and perfect in his attributes. We must go farther back than the fall of man, for the origin of moral evil. Strange as it may seem, it originated in heaven. We are told that "the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains, under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day."—Jude 6.

Of the fall of angels we know but little, and it concerns us but little. Of man's fall much is written. In regard to sin, it is safe to say, that it was known and permitted; that the act is man's alone; and that by it human nature was ruined. The doctrine of election, or God's choice of his people before the world was, is ever regarded as mysteriously connected with divine sovereignty. "He holdeth back the face of his throne, and spreadeth his cloud upon it."—Job xxvi. 9. Let us not say, because we cannot understand, we will not believe. All Scripture proves it. Human reason must bow with reverence. It must give place to faith. Besides, in rejecting the doctrine of election, we meet with more difficulties than in receiving it.

Without admitting it, we cannot explain such passages as these—"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ; according as he hath chosen us in him, before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love; having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will."—Ephesians i. 3, 5. "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father."—1 Peter i. 2. "But God hath not appointed us unto wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Thess. v. 9.

To deny the doctrine is to deny one of the attributes of Deity,—God's foreknowledge. Take from God his foreknowledge, and you destroy the perfection of his attributes. As the Sovereign of the universe, he has in view all that ever has taken place and all that ever will. He knew from all eternity, who would accept of the offers of salvation; and whom he did foreknow, them he did predestinate.

Out of this doctrine flow a great many spiritual blessings. "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose. For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the first-born among many brethren. Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified."—Romans viii. 28, 31.

Another difficulty arises; in denying this doctrine we come in conflict with the experience of all converted persons. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be a propitiation for our sins."—1 John

iv. 10. "We love him, because he first loved us."—1 John

iv. 19. I have never yet met a Christian, however he might *argue* against the doctrine of election, who would not acknowledge that he was saved by grace—sovereign, unmerited grace; that of himself he never would have come to Christ. Jesus says, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you."

The question may be asked, "Does not the doctrine of election show injustice in God?" We answer "No; God is under no obligations to save man; it is simply an act of his sovereign pleasure and will. His love to our souls."

"But does not the doctrine prevent the salvation of some?" It never will prevent a soul being saved. Salvation is to all that will repent and believe. No one is to blame, if the sinner is lost, but himself. Man does not sin from necessity, but from choice. His heart is inclined to evil. And it is only by the grace of God that he is saved. If we believe this, we believe the whole doctrine of election. For if God saves by his grace, he must have intended to do it, and if he intended to do it, *when*, we ask, and where did that intention arise? We answer, in the counsels of eternity; and Scripture supports the assertion. There he arranged to come to earth in the person of his Son, and die for sinners—for every one that is willing to come unto him. Oh! the electing love of God! What a glorious subject! Man will never choose to go to heaven in God's way,—grace accomplishes the work from first to last.

Man may be unable to understand the connection between human agency and God's divine purpose; neither can he understand the mysteries of nature, even the wondrous union of his spirit with his body. He may not comprehend why evil exists, for instance, the evil of war, nor reconcile it with the

fact that God is love. What we know not now we shall know hereafter. We wait the explanations of eternity. * * *

III. Though we may not be able to comprehend all concerning the doctrine of God's sovereignty, yet a sovereign God is the cause of universal joy to all the intelligent universe. "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice, let the multitude of the isles be glad thereof!" As far as it is understood that there is an all-wise, almighty, and benevolent Being over all, directing all, and seeking the good of all; who supplieth the wants of every living thing, it creates joy and rejoicing. Let even the heathen know it, and they cast their idols to the moles and the bats. And this joy spreads beyond the earth; it reaches into heaven—"And every creature, which is in heaven, and on earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, 'Blessing, and honor, and glory and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever.'" May the Lord give you wisdom!

SERMON II.*

GODLY SORROW.

"For godly sorrow worketh repentance unto salvation."—
2 Cor. vii. 10.

THE text discriminates between two kinds of sorrow, not only as to their nature in themselves, but, more particularly, as to their effects, upon man's moral and spiritual nature. "The sorrow of this world," which is selfish, consisting of regret, discontent, or remorse, leads to death, to darkness, hardness of heart, and greater ungodliness and misery. "Godly sorrow," which is the product of the Spirit and the truth, leads to such a change of heart, as makes its subject a new creature, and an heir of eternal life.

To render this great change possible, and practicable, was the great object of Christ's mission, and to render repentance a fact in the experience of every individual is the chief purpose of the Christian ministry.

I. What then is godly sorrow? Its nature, operation, and end? We have said the text recognizes a distinction between godly and worldly sorrow. They differ as to their causes and source; as well as in their effects and consequences. "I re-

[* Preached Sunday evening, April 7th, 1865, and phonographically reported.]

joyce, "says Paul," that I made you sorry," not that he wished to distress them,—“I rejoice that ye were made sorry, after a godly sort.” I rejoice, not in your sorrow as the end, but in that sorrow, in its relation to your spiritual correction and improvement. “What carefulness, vigilance, heart-searching, etc.,” it produced. We are all familiar with sorrow, we have been acquainted with it from our earliest days. As a nation we have had much experience of a painful and sorrowing kind, during the last four years. On every hand, every day, we feel its pangs, or witness its influence on others; but this is not godly sorrow, for it does not work repentance. We have illustrations of this kind of sorrow in the people of Nineveh, on the preaching of Jonah. “They put on sackcloth, and mourned many days;” but there were none of the essential elements of godly sorrow in their mourning. Their chief concern was to avert their ruin—the strongest feeling was fear, and their ruling motive selfishness. When danger was removed, it left no gracious change: they would soon forget, and become again, as earthly, and thoughtless, and God-forgetting as before. Their sorrow was followed by a reaction, as in all such cases; and the hearts of many would become more hardened and callous, as the natural reaction of that kind of remorse and fear of which it consisted. Spiritual death followed. We have another illustration, in the anguish of Judas. His was the bitterest, death-bearing sorrow which impelled him to take his own life. “He went and hanged himself.” Using the term in a popular and worldly sense, we have seen the most bitter *repentance*, followed by greater wickedness and ungodliness; the most terrible grief and anguish of heart, end in greater carelessness and indifference; seen persons on their, supposed, death-bed bewail their past lives, and evince great distress of

mind; make great promises of a better life, should they be restored, but we have seen them also, on their recovery, plunge deeper into worldliness, frivolity, and gayety. All their sorrow sprang from a love of the present world, and a dread of the world to come. It was made up of worldliness and remorse.—Under the fear of death, they seemed subdued; but, when the weight that forced their spirits down was taken away, they recoiled from God, and bounded back to their old godless and thoughtless course.

So soon as the gates of death were closed, and sickness gave place to returning health, their repentance was gone, and their solemn promises were broken. We may see the same kind of selfish sorrow in our courts of justice. The guilty criminals look and feel sorrowful. While the jury is deciding whether they are guilty, or not guilty, they experience great anxiety, and endure bitter pangs of remorse. Should the decision be "guilty;" their grief is augmented, and they are ready to make the most solemn asseverations of future good conduct, but with a levity almost incredible, should the jury pronounce them, "not guilty,"—they cast off their sorrow and resolutions together, and return, with greedy haste, to their old way of life.

Their sorrow was forced, not sincere. It sprung from dread of incarceration or punishment, and only tended to a course of crime which leads to death.

There is a law repentance with which we are all more or less familiar. The guilty sinner feels that the law condemns him. He is sensible of his guilt; sensible that the law is just, and that its dreadful punishment is deserved; but this sorrow, though frequently, or generally, the beginning of exercises of mind, which may be initiatory to a better sorrow, often ends

here. He does not hate sin; he merely deprecates its consequences. This differs entirely from godly sorrow, for that not only implies a deep sense of personal guilt and ruin, but of the evil of sin, the mercy of God, and of personal gratitude. It looks upon sin as an evil in itself, but especially as a wrong committed against a God of love. Legal sorrow was felt by Felix when he trembled, as Paul reasoned of justice, temperance, and a judgment to come. He trembled indeed, but he dismissed Paul as hastily as he could; he banished the cause of his uneasiness, and his sorrow soon subsided.

II. We have shown what godly sorrow is not, we now proceed to the affirmative; and will endeavor to show what godly sorrow is:—It is styled “godly.” It is rightly so styled; because God is its *source*, its *cause*, and its *end*. It flows from God, is produced by him, and leads the soul back to him. It begins, continues, and ends in God. That God is its source and cause, will appear from its nature. It has nothing in common with the natural or carnal mind

It is not mere natural sympathy, nor does it spring from selfishness, self-love, or fear. It is not sorrow on account of guilt, abstractedly as such; nor for guilt or folly, on account of the consequences. It has not so much a relation to the individual, or his safety, or danger,—as to God.

It takes deep cognizance of the fact of personal guilt; recognises or assumes the condition of sin and ruin; but these views are but comparative, and are left behind. It is the consciousness of having sinned against the glorious Creator and Benefactor—the best Friend;—a realization of God as a loving Father—a sense of his mercy in the sacrifice of his beloved Son;—a belief of the fact, that, even while he was an enemy to him, he lavished upon him his infinite love and paternal tender-

ness; yea, even while he was employing the powers God had given him, to slight, insult, neglect, and injure him. He goes to Calvary, and there in the amazing spectacle of his suffering Saviour, the Son of God, bearing his sins in his own body on the tree; he realizes what God has done for him; how Christ has loved him, and still loves him; and his soul is melted into contrition. It is then he hates sin, loves holiness, feels his whole soul drawn out in tenderest and purest, most unselfish love. His heart is changed, he becomes a new creature. There is nothing of fear; no; it is love that subdues and melts. Nothing of law; no; it is the grace of the gospel that affects him. This sorrow is a blessed, gracious, loving, unselfish sorrow. It is full of God, of Christ, of the Holy Spirit. "They shall look on him whom they have pierced, and mourn, etc." Zech. x. 12. It grows out of Christ crucified. The facts that crowd upon memory, the associations that cluster around him as he hangs on the cross, viewed by the eye of faith, are suggestive of thoughts, and productive of emotions, which induce a gracious contrition, and a tender loving sorrow, which lead to repentance.

It is "godly" sorrow, because *God is its object*. It does not lead to the law; not to creature works, or acts of penance. When the soul is first convinced of sin, and perceives its danger, it will try to work out a fitness for mercy by legal merit; but, by a distressing experience, every avenue of escape from ruin is closed; every source of help cut off. It then gives up, in despair of all human expedients. Then Christ is apprehended when the convicted sinner is driven to Calvary, as at once his hope and joy. Here he discovers, in the dying Saviour, the infinite and amazing love of God, and is persuaded, both of his ability and willingness to save, even the chief

of sinners. God is no longer an object of terror; the soul no longer seeks to escape from him: but, in deep contrition, with love, and peace, mingled with a sense of God's mercy, and his own great folly and ingratitude; with a tender, broken, loving heart, he gives himself to Christ, makes himself over to him as his forever. He now realizes that God is good in himself, and he loves him for his own sake—loves him for what he is.

The sight of his sin, discovered in the light of his heavenly Father's goodness, humbles him. God as his best Friend, and compassionate Father, becomes an object so absorbing and dear to his heart, that he sees sin, not in its consequences; not so much in its relation to man, as in itself, loathsome and vile; and in its relation to such a Being, as a grievous offence against him who made him, sustained, and blessed him from his earliest existence; who gave his own Son to bleed and die on the cross to save him; and who, notwithstanding his great sin, and folly, and provocations, watched over him with a father's love, and bore with him in tender compassion all his life.

Such is godly sorrow. Christ has given an illustration of this view, in the parable of the prodigal son, and especially in that part of it, in which the prodigal is represented, after he came to himself, arose, and went to his father, as sobbing on his father's breast; and in words of unutterable love and sorrow, saying: "Father, I have sinned. I have grievously sinned; sinned every day." He felt the throbbing of his father's heart; he loved his father. Oh, how he loved him! He was sorry he had sinned. Oh, how sorry! In this sorrow there was nothing of fear. Gratitude, love, thankfulness, joy, swallowed up every other emotion. Such is a true picture of a repenting sinner. We have another illustration in the exclamation of

Job: "I have sinned; what shall I do unto thee?" Oh, how shall I make satisfaction? What can I do to undo the past? How can I prove my love? Or, as in the language of Paul: "What wilt thou have me to do?"

My dear friends, have you this godly sorrow? How does it affect you? Where does it lead you? To what does it prompt you? Does it melt your heart in tender sympathy with Christ, because you have sinned? I speak to some who have been lately converted. Does it make you sorry, because you have *sinned*? Is your sorrow the sorrow that springs from love? Does it lead you to hate and shun sin, as an evil in the sight of God? as something committed against him? Does it lead you to repose on the finished work of Christ? Does it cause you to appreciate and love him more and more? Has it led you to God? Can you now love him as a father? and do you regard yourself—do you now act as his child? Then yours has been godly sorrow; yours was true repentance. You have experienced a change of heart. You are now "a new creature in Christ Jesus." Old things have passed away. Behold all things with you are new.

I wish you deeply to realize, that this kind of repentance, only, is genuine, and that it is indispensable, absolutely indispensable, to salvation. It works issues; leads to a change of character, disposition, desires, pursuits, which change the relation of the soul to God, and to the future world. It takes the soul from under the sentence of condemnation, frees it from the power of sin, and inspires a well-founded hope of a blessed immortality. It is a "translation, out of the kingdom of Satan, into the kingdom of God's dear Son." When we leave the world, we leave it as such, or as "children of wrath, even as others." There is no middle connection; no third issue.

The renewed state and heaven, are inseparable. No regeneration—no heaven. But regeneration includes repentance. Yea, more, repentance is inseparably connected with regeneration. It is a change of mind, such as has been described. Yet, be it remembered, that while godly sorrow is not repentance, *consummated*, it is that exercise of the mind and heart, without which, this change cannot take place. It worketh, and it, alone, worketh repentance unto salvation.

I might speak of the reasonableness and propriety of godly sorrow; but I speak especially and emphatically of its necessity. It is necessary, because repentance is necessary. God demands it, and you cannot be excused. No exemption can be made. Its necessity appears from the nature of the case, the constitution of the soul, the relation of sin to misery, and the necessity of holiness to the divine favor. The soul is so constituted that sin must work sorrow and woe. Holiness alone can give joy and peace: and such is the character of God, that when he pardons, he must at the same time destroy, in the pardoned soul, the power of sin; must induce holiness of heart. There can be no freedom from sin till it is repented of; no holiness, until the heart loves God. When once the soul apprehends Christ as the embodiment of the goodness and amazing love of God, the heart is filled with contrition; with godly sorrow,—not till then. No godly sorrow, no repentance; no repentance, no salvation, are the alternatives. Christ assured those who heard him, that, unless they repented, they should all likewise perish. “Except ye be converted, ye can in no case enter the kingdom of heaven.” “Turn ye, turn ye,” says Ezekiel, in the chapter we read; “for why will ye die?” Why? Die ye must, except ye turn; be lost; be dead to mercy, love, pardon, eternal life. Be excluded from God’s

presence and favor; from heaven and the society of the blessed forever. Compared with this exclusion, that of our first parents from Eden, was but a trifle.

God assures us we must repent; that there is no vindictiveness on his part, but that the change indicated by the word repentance, is indispensable. He exonerates himself, if we will risk the consequence of impenitence; lays the blame entirely on us, and then remonstrates with us: "Why will you die?" O God-rejecting, Christ-despising, soul-neglecting, sin-loving sinners! why will ye die? Is it possible, that, with your eyes open, you are blind!

He assures us, in most positive language, that perdition is wide open to receive the impenitent, and heaven is closed. God assures us there is deliverance; but only to the soul that repents. When once heaven is closed against you, who will unlock its gate? Who is there that can take away the bars? When once the soul is the subject of godly sorrow, mercy herself throws wide open the door; but not till then. Some dread repentance as something terrible. This dread has its origin in a legal spirit, in ignorance of true repentance. It is the offspring of superstition, and mistakes remorse for godly sorrow; penance, for repentance. There is more of joy and light, than of sorrow and gloom. The tears you see, are not tears of sadness. There is no gloom, no fear, no apprehension; there is a grateful sense of gratitude and love; a new-born hope of heaven; a new realization of sonship; a blessed experience of the friendship; the wondrous love of God.

MISCELLANIES.

ON THE BEST WAY OF TREATING ANXIOUS INQUIRERS.

THE anxious inquirer or awakened sinner is an object of unspeakable interest to all intelligent existence. His conversion will be a cause of joy in heaven and on earth. Holy angels will desire to look into the mystery of his redemption, and devils be amazed at the power by which he is delivered from going down to the pit.

Such being the circumstances which surround the anxious sinner, with what trembling solicitude should we approach to counsel him or direct his course to eternal life! What a fearful responsibility rests upon the guide, who says to the lost, "This is the way, walk in it." And who is sufficient for this duty? What holiness, what love, what knowledge, what wisdom, what fidelity, is required in the proper treatment of all those who would see Jesus. The man who sustains this character has lived in habitual neglect of his Creator's claims, and in direct opposition to his sovereign control. "The God in whose hands his breath is, and whose are all his ways hath he not glorified." But he is now convinced of sin; and asks with a heart oppressed, what he must do to be saved.

At a moment like this, the first impulse of the benevolent mind is to comfort the mourner. But this must not be done too hastily, lest we slightly heal the wound, and become phy-

sicians of no value. Listen patiently and with deep concern to the statement he has to make; encourage him to speak with freedom; and test all he may say by the word of God, and your own experience and observation of the effect of godly sorrow, which worketh repentance unto salvation.

The inquirer must be instructed. This is true, not only of those whose knowledge in other things is limited, but also of the wise and prudent, from whom divine things are hidden, and who are generally children in spiritual understanding. Thus, when Nicodemus, a teacher in Israel, came to inquire of our Lord, he was as ignorant of spiritual things as the poor Samaritan woman at Jacob's well. So the Ethiopian eunuch, though a statesman, able to manage the finances of a kingdom, felt his need of some one to guide, and instruct him in the first principles of the doctrine of Christ.

We must exhibit with great simplicity the divine character, so that a clear view of its excellency and glory may lead to self-abasement. We must speak of the government and sovereignty of God that the sinner's dependence on his unmerited mercy may fully appear. It is difficult for the human heart to be reconciled to God's sovereignty. Explain this profound subject; let the penitent see that his salvation is based thereon, and he will bow in admiration of this high and holy doctrine. Give the inquirer instruction concerning the law of God; show him how exceeding broad it is; let him know that it has to do with the thoughts of his heart; that it requires a perfect obedience; and that the demand is consistent with the wisdom and benevolence of God. Thus shall legal hopes and self-righteousness fall, and the trembling sinner will turn to behold the Lamb of God; and, whilst in wonder he gazes on the sacrifice of Christ, give him the history of the amazing trans-

action, explain the covenant of redemption, and assure him that he must be saved by unmerited grace alone: yea, *deeply* impress the truth that we are saved and “called with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.”

Dwell on the mediation of Christ, his work and righteousness; speak of his glorious offices; tell the inquirer that he is the prophet, whom we are to hear in all things;—the *high-priest* of our profession, who appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself;—the king, who claims the heart for his throne. Teach him what it is to be born again. Explain the nature of faith and repentance, in language and by illustrations easy to be understood. *Many* who inquire the way to Zion make but little progress for want of correct views of the principles we have enumerated. *Let there be light*, that the inquirer may see his way plainly, and walk without stumbling.

The course we recommend will require time and patience; and we must be willing to sacrifice time and act with deliberation, in a service so vastly important and responsible.

It is evident that in years past, this work has been done in too much haste. Multitudes have been baptized with very little instruction; and the sad consequences are painfully manifest in our languishing Zion. Multitudes can say little more than, that they attended a protracted meeting,—felt that they were sinners,—went forward with the anxious,—prayed to the Lord,—felt happy,—and were baptized. Ask them what it is to be born again? to be justified by the righteousness of Christ? or question them in regard to the obligations of a Christian, and they are dumb with silence. The blame must rest on their spiritual guide. Teach inquirers whatso-

ever Christ has commanded, and they will be intelligent, devoted, and stable Christians.

I may further remark, that the temperament and former habits, or manner of life, of the inquirer should be ascertained as far as possible, that we may vary our teaching and counsel accordingly. Some are naturally impetuous in their movements, and remarkable for action. Such will be likely to make haste in joining the church. They need no incentive to go forward, but rather to be restrained, and tenderly cautioned. Others are prone to despondency and distrust, under the influence of which, they incline to delay doing their duty. These should be encouraged by the promises of the gospel, and by oft repeated, affectionate counsel and prayer. Whilst to the former we act the part of the porter at the door, to prevent improper admission, to the latter we must become a good shepherd, and carry the lambs in our arms. Some are disposed to attach too much importance to ordinances and a public profession of religion, and need to be told distinctly, that the kingdom of God is not in word; but in power;—that righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost are its essential elements,—that religion is a *life*, not merely a name, but *living* unto him who died for us and rose again. Others are not as deeply impressed with the duty of confessing Christ as they should be. In such cases, we must urge the necessity of obedience; and remind the halting, that obedience is the fruit of love, and that the Lord himself hath said, “If ye love me keep my commandments.” Assure such, that in neglecting duty, they wrong their own souls, and that in keeping Christ’s commands there is great reward. Explain the nature and design of gospel ordinances, that their importance may be suitably felt. Encourage the weak to go in the strength of the Lord

to make mention of his righteousness and of his only. Animate the faint with the promise, that they that wait upon the Lord shall grow stronger and stronger.

Finally. We must entreat the anxious inquirer to give up every sin, especially the sin that most easily besets him; to separate himself from every calling and every association, from the influence of which his salvation is liable to be hindered or a growth in grace retarded; to connect himself with those who are most holy in life, and most fervent in spirit; to place himself under the means of grace as far as possible; to pray without ceasing in his closet; to search the Scriptures daily, under the full conviction that they are given by inspiration of God, and are "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." And when we shall have done *all* that *man* can do to enlighten, impress, and guide the pilgrim to Zion, we shall have occasion to confess to God our insufficiency, and fervently beseech the Lord—who is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit—in pursuance of his most gracious appointment, to bind up the broken-hearted;—to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;—to comfort all that mourn; to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, that they may be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

ON INCREASING THE EFFICIENCY OF THE CHURCHES.

It is evident from the word of God, that the submission of the world to Christ, as King in Zion, was determined in the councils of mercy before time began. The Divine Spirit, by the prophets, assures us that, "his kingdom shall be from sea even to sea; and from the rivers even to the end of the earth;" that "he shall not fail nor be discouraged till he have set judgment in the earth and the isles shall wait for his law!"

It is further manifest that all true gospel churches exist by the divine purpose, wisdom, and providence; and that through their means mainly his glorious design of the world's reconciliation, by the death of the cross, is to be accomplished.

Such churches are efficient. They are the salt of the earth, and the light of the world. They preserve the world from destruction, and enlighten it in the way of salvation. This they have done to an extent, that no other institution ever known to men, has attained, or can attain.

Christianity is not a failure; and yet the question, How can the efficiency of the churches be increased? is invested with solemn importance, and demands prayerful consideration.

It is the prevailing opinion among the most intelligent, reflecting, and devoted disciples of Christ, that churches generally, are not as efficient by any means as they should be;

and that they do not lengthen their cords and strengthen their stakes as they might do, with the great and increasing facilities for doing good now at command.

The question before us, is probably as difficult to answer as it is important in its character. But we submit the following, as among the things that seem to be wanting and must be regarded, if we desire enlarged prosperity,

I. *A deeper affection must be cherished for the church itself.*

Many there are who claim the privileges of membership in a church, yet seem insensible to its importance and excellence as a divine institution. They appear to be unmindful that it originated in the wisdom and knowledge of God; that it cost the death of Christ, its founder; that it is the noblest and most glorious of all institutions on the earth, and is to stand and flourish when all others shall fall and pass away. What numbers virtually forsake the church, to connect themselves with mere worldly associations; mingling their sympathies and efforts, in some cases, with the avowed enemies of Christ, and of his blood-bought church; frequently attending their meetings to the neglect of the people of God, with whom they have solemnly covenanted, before heaven and earth, to meet and co-operate. Oh! how different from David, who, though a king, preferred Jerusalem to his chief joy; whose soul ever longed for the courts of the Lord; to whom the saints were the excellent of the earth and the companions of his joys.

With the sentiments and conduct of the former, a church is rendered weak, and must prove inefficient; with those of the latter, she will prosper. When the members of a church unite in heart to pray for her peace, and to seek her good above their chief earthly joy; when they take sweet counsel together as they walk to the house of God in company, we shall see the place of Zion's tent enlarged and her converts multiplied.

II. *A deeper conviction of individual responsibility is needed.*

There are many who can see that there is much to be done by the church, but who fail to understand or realize their own duty. With such, there is a satisfaction in the thought, that the church will sustain her prayer-meetings, teach her Sunday-schools, visit her sick, provide for her poor, and support her missions, whilst they are all the day idle, or stand as cold spectators of the labor and sacrifice of their brethren. Such, indeed, have their excuses; but they will not satisfy the Master, who, when he comes, will call them slothful servants. How different are they from that young Christian, whose diary contained this fixed purpose: "Resolved, that I will, the Lord being my helper, think, speak, and act as an *individual*; for as such, I must live; as such, I must die; stand before God, and be damned, or saved for ever and ever!"

How unlike Harlan Page,—a poor mechanic,—who, in the immediate prospect of death, and after years of surprising activity and usefulness, said: "When I first obtained a hope, I felt that I must labor for souls; and I prayed, year after year, that God would make me the means of saving souls." His prayers were answered. Hear his dying words: "I know it is all of God's grace, but I think I have evidence that more than one hundred souls have been converted to God, through my own direct and personal instrumentality." Oh, had we such men and women in all our churches, what efficiency, what triumphs might we not behold!

But some will say, he was an extraordinary man. True; but what made him so? His talents were moderate; his education limited; his body weak. Ah! it was what every church member may possess, and should ever manifest,—deep piety, strong faith, and earnest effort! Ye members of Christ's body,

awake! Arise! Consider your individual responsibility to work while it is day, for the night of death cometh when no man can work.

III. *There must be an increase of piety, founded on principle.*

It is useless to conceal the truth, that the piety of a large majority of church members is but superficial, and is very like a shallow stream, whose flow is only kept up by occasional showers of rain. For greater efficiency, we need a deeper stream, and a continuous flow of piety—a river, whose streams shall make glad the city of our God, and fertilize the desert land. To use another illustration,—when the church shall come forth with a piety clear as the sun, and fair as the moon, she shall be potent as an army with banners, the strongholds of Satan shall fall before her, and righteousness prevail in the earth.

Why is it that we must go out of the church, and form other societies to advance the cause of Christ in the world? Is it not her mission? Why depend on exciting anniversaries, eloquent speeches, and numerous little plans, to obtain money? We do not condemn benevolent institutions. We know that wise and good men think it better to make progress in this way than to stand still. But we ask again, Why is it necessary? It was not so with the disciples at Jerusalem; they resorted to no such means; yet they had money for every necessity, and accomplished more than we do. It was not so with the church at Thessalonica; she was a missionary body in her strongest sympathies and efforts; from her sounded out the word of the Lord, and in every place “her faith toward God was spread abroad;” her influence was mighty; she was strong in faith and fervent in piety.

If churches are to be efficient abroad, they must begin with

themselves and stir up their strength and zeal; they must receive an unction from the Holy One; their piety must be more decided, steady, and convincing.

IV. *There is also an important connection between the pulpit and efficiency.*

Seldom is prosperity known without a stated ministry. He that gave pastors and teachers understood their necessity and importance; and as a church seldom prospers with an empty pulpit, so neither will she succeed with an unsuitable supply. She needs *instruction*. Nor can she depend on mere intellectual efforts, or a display of talent. An icicle may glitter, but sheds no warmth. She must have what the inquiring heathen sought, when he asked our first missionary in Burmah, if he was "Jesus Christ's man." Let the church have men who shall intelligently and earnestly preach Jesus Christ, in his character, work, and offices, in the pulpit; and be Jesus Christ's men in all their conduct and conversation *out* of the pulpit—men who have learned to be meek and lowly of heart,—of whom their hearers shall take knowledge that they have been with Jesus. With such preaching and such examples, we may expect progressive efficiency. In view of the importance of a stated ministry, the present instability in the pastoral office is much to be deplored. Both churches and ministers are suffering in their character by sudden and frequent changes; and if it be not prevented, the influence of the ministry and the churches will be to a great extent *lost* on the community.

V. *Again, efficiency may be increased by proper attention to Sunday-school instruction.*

There is evidently at this time too great a distance between the church and the Sunday-school. There is too little respon-

sibility felt in this matter. The work of teaching children the fear of the Lord is committed principally to young disciples, who themselves feel that they need to be taught. This ought not so to be; the Sunday-school needs the most judicious, experienced, and intelligent men and women that can be secured for this work—individuals whose age and standing will command respect, and fix attention; and these may be assisted by the younger to mutual advantage and greater success in their glorious work.

VI. *The church may also extend her influence by laboring beyond her immediate bounds, both in the city and in populous districts of the country.*

Having first chosen for herself the most important location that can be secured, and reared a house of worship that shall be convenient and attractive, without extravagance or unnecessary expense,—which is now a growing evil; let her next look out other locations of growing importance, whether among the rich and prosperous or near the dwellings of the poor and destitute, who seldom venture where the more fortunate resort, and whose souls are of equal value.

Let Sunday-schools be opened; establish prayer-meetings; distribute tracts; and persuade the erring to seek the Lord. Let the pastor go out as oft as possible and encourage such efforts by occasional preaching in hired rooms, or if need be, in the open air. Employ, where it may be possible, a missionary, to devote all his time to such Christ-like labors. Such efforts will, like leaven in the meal, influence the whole mass; or, as in the symbol of the mustard tree, offer shelter and consolation to souls exposed to danger, or seeking rest.

How great a blessing must such a church be to a community! And why is it, we ask, that so little of this kind of

labor is performed? The expense is comparatively small, and the prospect of good is great.

Oh! how can men of God seat themselves from Sunday to Sunday on their soft cushions in his house, and feast on the bread of life, while thousands are neglected and perishing without a crumb from mercy's table? Let all the churches look at this state of things, and give themselves no rest until something is done for the souls of the needy.

VII. *We remark further that efficiency may be increased by an increase of liberality in the use of property.*

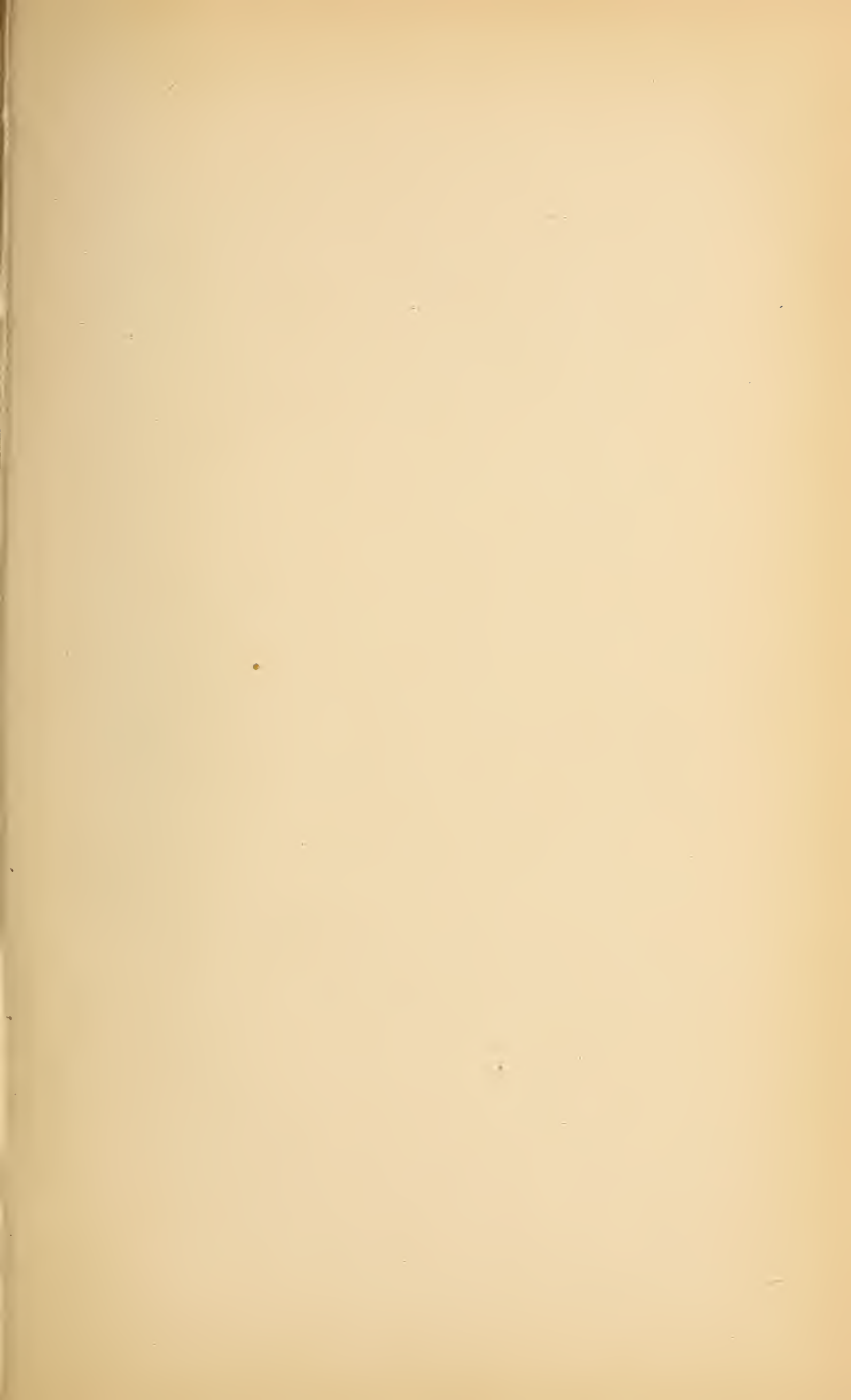
To labor, there must be added more liberal contributions. From year to year the opportunity to do good by the use of property is constantly increasing. In the support of more missionaries, in the circulation of the Scriptures with other books and tracts filled with Bible truth; in the building of houses of worship; in maintaining the stated ministry; and in many other ways, money may be as directly employed for the advancement of religion, as personal effort or preaching the gospel. Yet while the Lord is blessing his people with a generous increase in wealth, it is truly humiliating to see with what reluctance they bring their tithes into his store-house, or contribute of their substance to extend his blessed cause in the world.

Our missionary societies are constantly presenting facts that are deeply affecting, showing that the harvest is great, and the laborers few; and that others might now be employed with the most encouraging prospect of success. Yet with the fields all white and ready for the harvest, what unwillingness exists to pay the charges of men ready and anxious to enter upon the work! Many individuals of their abundance might support each a missionary, yet whole churches might be found

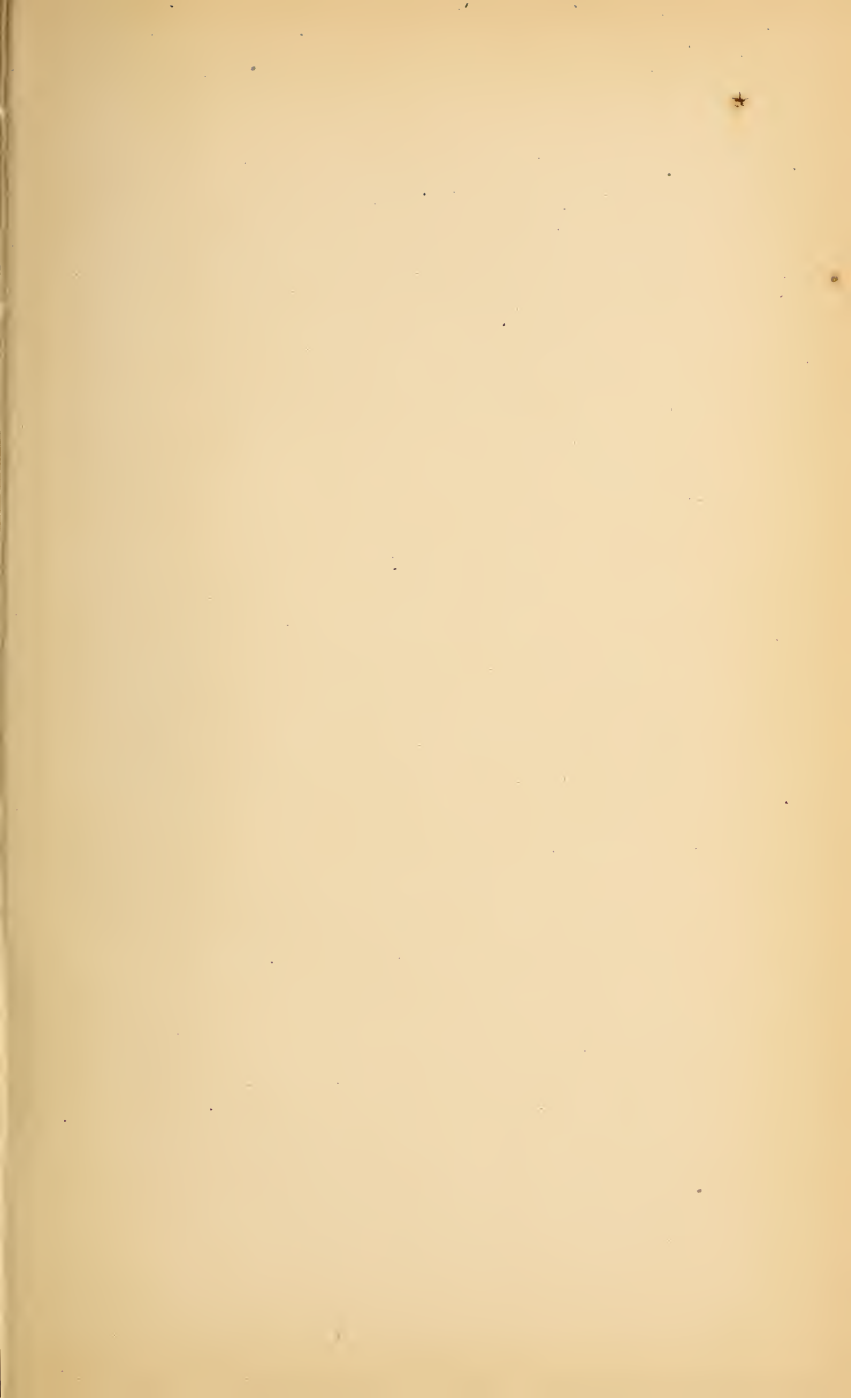
who give nothing, whilst many others give far below their ability.

And what in this connection is still more distressing, houses built for God, and publicly dedicated to his service are suffered to remain burdened with debt, while the church is dishonored in the community and despised by creditors, who are denied their just claims. Must this state of things continue? Is it not the fruit of covetousness? and is not covetousness idolatry? Arise, O ye churches of the Son of God, and remove this hinderance to your efficiency. Set before you the example of your Lord, who was rich and for your sakes became poor that ye through his poverty might be rich. Remember that your Saviour has a claim, not only on your persons, but on your property. You are stewards. Christ is your Lord. He says, "Occupy till I come." And to him an account must be rendered of the use of all you possess in this world.

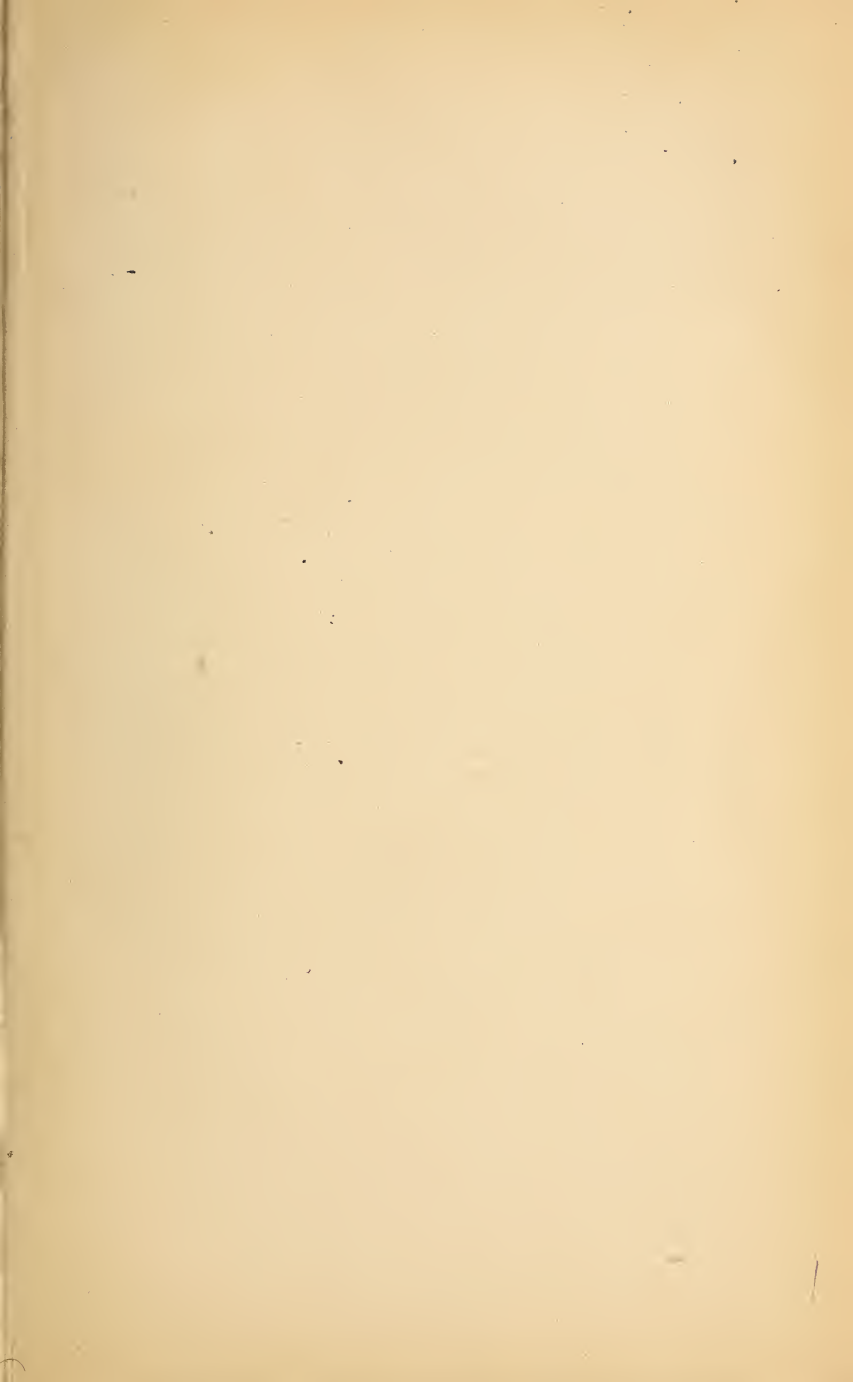
Finally, let there be a deep searching of all our hearts, and fervent prayer, that in all things in which we are found wanting we may be corrected, so that as individuals, as churches, and as ministers, we may live and labor for him that died for us; and deeply impressed with a sense of the importance of the sanctifying influence of the church on the world, let each one say: "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth."





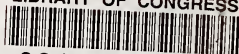


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